

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XVII. }

No. 1699. — January 6, 1877.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXXXII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

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CHURCH BELLS.

RINGING ! ringing ! ringing as they rang
 Long, long ago !
 With echoing peal and merry clang
 They come and go !
 The children have played and sung, and
 laughed and wept,
 And then grown old, and laid them down and
 slept ;
 And still, as the hours onward flow,
 The bells are ringing for joy or woe !
 Singing ! chiming ! pealing ! — such a song
 Of joy and mirth !
 Waking up echoes slumbering long
 Within the earth, —
 Telling their tale of love, and hope, and happy
 days, —
 From hill to valley the glad song they raise.
 And still, as the hours come and go,
 The bells are ringing for joy or woe !
 Swinging sadly, solemnly, a mournful tone,
 Telling of death !
 Of sorrowful hearts, that must wander alone
 On this weary earth ;
 Of silent forms, and hands that lie at rest,
 Of voices forever hushed in a passionless
 breast ;
 While the changing hours come and go,
 And the bells are ringing for joy or woe !
 Softly rising and falling, at eventide
 Ring out the bells,
 O'er the golden valleys far and wide
 Their music swells.
 And the children stop in their play, and stand
 to hear,
 And the aged look up with a quiet smile and
 a tear,
 As they think of the hours that come and go,
 While the bells are ringing for joy or woe !
 Ringing ! ringing ! ringing, in the still night,
 A joyful chime !
 While the land lies sleeping, robed in white,
 At Christmas time, —
 Telling, with fresh sweet tones, the glad old
 story,
 Bringing a faint, soft echo from the land of
 glory !
 While the changing hours come and go,
 And the bells are ringing for joy or woe !
 Ringing ! ringing ! ringing, o'er the city
 With its mighty throng !
 Soothing some hearts, all sad and weary,
 With their happy song.
 Rising above the sin and sorrow, want and
 care,
 Above the sounds of strife that fill the air ;
 And still, as the hours come and go,
 The bells are ringing for joy or woe !
 Ringing ! ringing ! ringing ! recalling fast
 Old days gone by ;
 Unlocking the fair, green shadowy past
 To memory's eye.

Telling of high resolve, — of longings noble,
 free,
 Of golden moments gone by unheedingly !
 Of the changing hours that come and go, —
 Of their ever ringing for joy or woe !

Ringing ! ringing ! ringing ! still ring on,
 O old church bells !
 With tender pathos to each living one.
 Your music tells
 That beauty, wealth, and joy must fade and
 die,
 That man must spend his days as for eternity,
 Where the changing hours will cease to flow,
 Where 'tis never ringing for joy or woe !
 Golden Hour. M.

AFTER LIFE.

SOME drag their heaven down to earth
 Some raise it to the skies,
 Some think they share its holy mirth,
 Before the body dies.
 But what the time and what the place,
 This much at least is known,
 That we shall see Him face to face,
 And know as we are known.

Some hope to "touch the vanished hand,"
 Complete the broken aim ;
 Some but around the throne to stand,
 And magnify His name.
 I only know a silent space
 Between me and my own,
 Since they have met Him face to face,
 And know as they are known.

Some fear to meet His dreadful eye,
 To hear His awful word ;
 Some on his bosom long to lie,
 And pant to meet their Lord.
 I know, — how vast must be his grace,
 How pure must I have grown,
 Ere I can see him face to face,
 And know as I am known.
 Sunday Magazine. W. C. M.

SEAWEED.

ALAS, poor weed ! The careless tide
 Has left thee with his lightest foam ;
 And now a desert drear and wide
 Divides thee from thy wished-for home.
 His flow may bear thee back once more,
 But canst thou live thy life of yore ?

Alas, I, too, am left awhile
 By her I love, in lightest play !
 On distant loves I see her smile,
 I hear her laughter far away.
 Her heart may turn to me again,
 But can my heart forget the pain ?
 Spectator. R. I. O.

From The Fortnightly Review.
RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

BY JAMES BRYCE.

NEARLY all public writers and speakers in England, and indeed in Germany and the Austrian monarchy also, seem to take it for granted, that the ruling and permanent motive of Russian policy is the desire for territorial aggrandizement. Most of them further assume that this policy, so dangerous to her neighbors, and supposed to be so specially dangerous to English power in the East, can only be resisted by supporting the Turkish empire, as the state most directly threatened and least able to sustain an attack. Having been led, in the course of a journey undertaken this autumn through Russia and the Black Sea countries, to question both these assumptions, I desire to examine them, and that with reference rather to the course of Russian history generally, and to the character of the Turkish administrative system, than to the events of these last few weeks or months. My object is not so much to establish any positive conclusions as to show the unsoundness of the premises on which are based many of the doctrines most frequently and confidently put forward in our recent discussions on these topics; and this, I venture to hope, may be done without any desire or tendency to serve party interests. Properly understood, the question of our action in the East is altogether apart from English party politics, and a man's judgment of it ought to be quite unaffected by his view of our subjects of difference at home.

Let me say at starting that I am in no sense an advocate or even an apologist of Russia. Like most English Liberals, I had been accustomed to regard her, ever since the fatal day of Vilagos when she crushed the independence of Hungary, as the archfoe of political progress, the incarnation of political evil. Even now, her further advance over the provinces of the Turkish empire would, as it seems to me, be a great misfortune for those provinces, for herself, for the world. But the Russia of 1876 is not the Russia of 1849. Just as we have come to look differently upon Austria since her acceptance of constitutionalism after 1866, and upon Prince Bis-

marck since he shook himself loose from the feudai party in Prussia, so we must learn to recognize the changes that have passed in Russia since the accession of Alexander II., changes more rapid than any other European country has undergone in an equally short space. And in any case we ought surely to unlearn the habit, not more unfair than it is unwise and misleading, of putting, as a matter of course, the worst construction upon every word or act of Russia. I do not therefore attempt, nor desire, to argue that the policy of the Russian government has been, or is now, a disinterested policy. I do not deny, that there is a party, a strong party, which hankers after further conquests, and dreams of some day reaching the Bosphorus. But what I hope to show is, firstly, that the recent history of Russia affords far less evidence of a passion for territorial aggrandizement than is commonly believed here; secondly, that such aggrandizement would be distinctly injurious to her; thirdly, that her present action is sufficiently explainable without the hypothesis, so generally accepted in England, that her aim is the seizure of European Turkey; and fourthly, that the actual condition of both Asiatic and European Turkey clearly shows that the worst possible way of checking Russia is to try to maintain the *status quo* there, to allow the Porte to go on expecting support from us, and to teach the subject Christian populations that it is to the czar, and to the czar alone, that they have to look for deliverance from intolerable misgovernment.

It is natural that any one who sees on the map the Muscovy of the sixteenth century, as it was under the czar Ivan the Terrible, and compares it with the Russian empire of to-day, should be astonished at the vast and rapid territorial growth of this state, a growth paralleled only by that of Roman and English dominion.

The alarm, however, which this comparison causes ought to disappear when it is understood how these vast territories have been acquired. By far the larger part have not been conquered at all, but simply colonized or occupied. Not only Siberia but the whole north-east of European Russia and a great portion of the south-east

have come under Russian rule almost without a musket-shot, because these regions were inhabited by savage wandering tribes who had no hold on the soil, and made no objection to the advent of settlers. Some of them, such as the Tchouvasses, Mordvins and Tcheremisses of the Volga, are already half Russianized; others, like the Samoyedes and Kirghiz, remain pagan or Mohammedan; but all are on perfectly good terms with their governors, and seem, indeed, never to have had anything to complain of. Other large districts, such as the Tatar khanates of Kazan and of the Crimea, have, indeed, been conquered, but conquered almost of necessity, being held by semi-civilized Mohammedan states between whom and the Muscovite frontier population it was found practically impossible for peace to subsist.* Georgia was not conquered at all, but handed over to the czar by its last king, who could not defend it against his Mohammedan neighbors. The only acquisitions, therefore, on which the charge of deliberate aggression can be based are those of Finland and the Baltic provinces, Poland, the south-western provinces conquered from Turkey, and the districts recently occupied in Turkestan (omitting the trifling conquests in Transcaucasia made from Persia). A few words may suffice for each of these.

All these territories, except Turkestan, were conquered when conquest was still the order of the day in Europe, and regarded as the natural reward, even where it had not been the original object, of a war. Our present sentiment, which condemns the transference of a population to the rule of a victorious alien state, is extremely modern, and far from universally dominant: witness the case of north Schleswig and the general desire of the French, in and before the summer of 1870, to annex the purely German districts on the left bank of the lower Rhine. In the case of Finland, Russia had this excuse, that while it was held by a foreign power St. Petersburg, lying close to the Swedish

border, was at the mercy of an invading force. Finland, moreover, has, ever since her submission, been treated with singular consideration. She retains her laws, her two languages, her metallic currency. Her free constitution, never abolished, has of late years been recalled to active life; no attempt has been made to Russify her people or institutions; she spends all her own revenues and costs Russia a considerable sum besides. The story of Poland offers a sad contrast to this generosity, and it is mainly her cruelties there that have drawn on Russia the aversion of western Europe. Nothing can excuse those cruelties, worse even than those of which we were guilty in Ireland in 1798; or the French in Algeria. Several points, however, may deserve to be noticed. One is, that in the original partition of Poland Russia did no more than was done by Austria and Prussia. A second is, that there existed an ancient and bitter hatred between Russians and Poles, dating from the days when the latter, then the stronger power, had nearly crushed the national existence of Russia. Further, the democratic party in Russia in 1863, seeing in the division between the peasantry of the Lithuanian provinces, who had no Polish sympathies, and the nobles who had, an opportunity of inflicting a blow upon the nobility generally, hounded on the government against the insurgents. And the government itself was stimulated to greater harshness by its fear of the revolutionary spirit which had made Warsaw an outpost. To stamp out the conspiracies which were always simmering there, seemed to them necessary for the safety of Russia itself.

The acquisitions of Asiatic territory made in 1828 from Persia and in 1829 from Turkey were less considerable than might have been expected, considering the weakness of the beaten party. We need not set this down to generosity—generosity was not a feature in the character of Nicholas—it was due to the sense that annexations were not really for the conqueror's interest, who had enough on his hands already. The war of 1828-29 was not a war of aggression, but arose out of the conduct of Turkey towards the

* I pass over all this the more briefly because it has been admirably set forth by Mr. D. M. Wallace in an article in this review for last August.

Greeks, and though the Turks were reduced by the second campaign to complete helplessness, not an acre of land in Europe was demanded as the price of peace.

It is mainly the more recent advances of Russia in central Asia that have excited the attention of Europe and the suspicions of England. Yet nothing can be more natural than these advances, and England is the country which ought best to understand this, since the causes are almost exactly the same as those which drew us on from conquest to conquest till we became masters of India; or as those which have similarly drawn on the French in Algeria, and the Americans over the land they had reserved for the Indian tribes. A civilized state with semi-civilized states or predatory nomad races on its frontiers cannot stop where it will. With the former it makes treaties; the treaties are broken; it is obliged to punish, and can often only punish by annexing, or by assuming a protectorate which comes to almost the same thing as annexation. With the latter no treaty can be made, and the civilized power must therefore protect its borders by stationing troops along them, and must chastise every inroad by pursuing the marauders on their homeward way, perhaps for great distances. This is found so expensive and troublesome that a regular expedition is undertaken; the offending tribe is defeated, and to prevent fresh irruptions forts are erected and garrisons stationed in its country, which thus becomes reduced to submission. This advance involves a contact with fresh tribes, who molest the peaceable natives or the civilized settlers by their inroads; and the same process is repeated, the line of outposts always moving forward, and the line of settled subject country following it. In some such way as this has the frontier of Russia advanced from the river Ural to the banks of the upper Oxus and the Thian-shan Mountains. One of the most distinguished officers in the Russian service, a man whose veracity no one could dream of questioning, assured me that the archives of the war office at St. Petersburg were full of directions to the gener-

als commanding on the Turkoman steppes, forbidding them to engage in fresh wars or annex fresh territory; but that the nature of things had been too strong for the war office, and had carried the Cossack outposts steadily forward. Something, I think, must also be allowed for the desire of the frontier generals to find occupation for their troops, and to distinguish themselves by conquest, just as Cæsar advanced against the will of the senate, and our Indian generals or statesmen in spite of the East India Company. And it is no doubt also true that the extension of territory has been regarded with a certain pleasure by the unthinking majority of the Russian people, more particularly by the army, everywhere the home of chauvinism. But one may well believe that the government has not desired, much less designed, these advances, for they bring nothing but expense and responsibility. Turkestan is a poor country, quite unable to pay the expense of managing it; the central Asian trade which it opens up is of no great consequence, so thinly peopled are all these countries; and in case of a European war the necessity of wasting troops in this remote corner of the empire might be seriously felt.

That Russia, finding herself at the north foot of the Hindoo Koosh (which she may probably reach before long), would in the event of a war with England use her position there to annoy us by stirring up the Afghans or hill tribes of the Punjab frontier, or even by intriguing with the native princes of India itself, is probable enough. But it is quite another thing to fancy, as so many people in England do, that she is going to the Hindoo Koosh for that express purpose. Had she wished either to menace India or to increase her Asiatic dominions by war, there was, there still is, another course open to her. That course, not more costly in the first instance, and far more profitable in the long run, is to annex Persia, a country with no army, no fleet, and hardly any government, a country of great natural resources, with a splendid geographical position between the Caspian and the Indian Ocean, inhabited by a population far less warlike and fanatical than the Turkomans, industrious and settled,

though reduced by misgovernment to a point far below its natural level; a country moreover from which India could be threatened much more effectively than from Khiva or Bokhara. Needless to say that we could not have saved Persia, and that she could not have defended herself: six or eight regiments would be enough to overrun the whole kingdom.

That Russia has during the last three centuries extended her borders farther and faster than any other European state is undeniable. But then she is the only European state that could so extend itself. The settler who lives on the edge of the wilderness may take in as much land as he pleases, while a proprietor in Kent or Normandy cannot push his fence six inches back without risking a lawsuit. And in her extensions to north, east, and south, where she found either unoccupied lands or races inferior to her own, she has really played the part of an improving and civilizing power.

Territorial extension, however, which marks a period, sometimes a long period, in the history of almost all great states, always comes sooner or later to an end, sometimes, as with most of the countries of modern Europe, because there is no longer room for it, sometimes also, as in our own case and that of the United States, or as of Rome in the time of the early emperors, because it is believed to be no longer for the interest of the state itself. Twenty years ago we used to have panic-fits about the extension of the United States. We now know that they do not, desire either Canada or Mexico or the Antilles, and have even neglected chances of getting a footing in the two latter. Similarly, we have ourselves repeatedly refused to found new colonies or annex new territories in the East, though the world does not yet credit us with such moderation.

Now Russia seems to have reached this point, when for her own interest further territorial growth ought to stop. How far she sees this herself, I shall inquire presently; meantime let me endeavor to state the grounds for believing that she would only injure herself by attempting to incorporate the provinces of Turkey, for example, or to wrest from us any part of India.

Russia has already more land and vaster natural resources than she needs or can deal with. Not to speak of the mineral riches of Siberia, still only half opened up, or of the fertile countries along the lower Amour, or of Turkestan, or of Transcaucasia with so many sources of wealth only

requiring capital for their development, she has in the southern part of European Russia, between the Dnieper and the Ural River, a region of unsurpassed fertility, not a third or fourth part of which is now under cultivation, and which could probably support a population as large again as that of the present European dominions. In this vast tract, which one may call the "Great West" of Russia, colonization does indeed go on, and now the faster since railways have been made through it; but it goes on with nothing like American or even Canadian speed, and at the present rate another century will not see the country even fairly well settled. People in western Europe often talk of Russia as "overflowing with men," of her "teeming millions," and so forth. The truth is that she is the most sparsely populated of civilized states, with the possible exception of Sweden, and that her population increases slowly. She is a child in the shoes of a giant. Instead, therefore, of grasping at fresh territories which she is not able either to occupy with settlers or develop by an expenditure of skill and capital, it is her interest to concentrate all her energies on her internal growth, to fill up her empty spaces, improve her communications, train her people to add the higher forms of skilled industry to those comparatively rude and raw handicrafts which, speaking broadly, alone at present thrive among them. One cannot travel through the country without seeing that this policy, already to some extent begun, will make her more prosperous and more powerful than any course of conquest could possibly do.

Further, Russia is at this moment unfitted to assimilate or administer new territories, and notably such territories as the Turkish. So large an empire as hers is already requires a great multitude of officials, and the supply of good officials is far below the demand. I do not speak merely of corruption, which every one in Russia asserts to be so widely spread — for of its existence a stranger has no means of judging — but of incompetence for the higher administrative functions. Russia, it cannot be too often repeated, is a new country, where civilization has but recently taken root. Great efforts have been made, and made with much success — for the people is not only a quick but a really gifted one — to spread education and rear up a cultivated class. But that class is still small, compared with the whole population, or compared with the same class in France, Germany, or En-

gland. And even in those who have been to the university, culture is not the same thing as it is in educated men in those above-named western countries, where it rests, so to speak, on a basis of hereditary cultivation going back for centuries. If, then, a sufficiently qualified bureaucracy is now wanting in European Russia, how much greater would the deficiency be in the countries west and south of the Euxine, where several half-civilized races live intermingled, differing in religion and language, hating one another, depending entirely on their governors for the impulse which is to pacify, elevate, discipline, and, in fine, civilize them? Highly qualified men, morally as well as intellectually, are needed to deal with the problems which such countries present. We believe that we send such men to India; but we are able to do so because the class from which they come is, in an old and overpeopled country like this, unusually large. In Russia such men are too few, and they are likely to be still fewer, for at present the tendency of educated youth there is quite away from official life, towards the professions or towards employment under such local authorities as are independent of the central government.

In the dominions conquered by Russia, such as Transcaucasia, everything depends upon the bureaucracy, everything is referred to it, everything proceeds from it. What impulses to civilization are to be given must be given by it, for there are few individual settlers, and they do not affect the country in the least. Now with excellent intentions and considerable efforts, the bureaucracy has so far been able to do but little to improve or develop the later Russian conquests. Order is not yet secure in them, and they are so far from paying their way that they constitute a serious drain on the imperial revenues. They will not pay till they are civilized; and civilization cannot be introduced by ukase. With all this work on her hands it would be folly for Russia to attempt the larger and more difficult task of assimilating Bulgaria, Roumelia, and Anatolia.

There are other reasons in the internal conditions of Russia proper why she should refrain from entangling herself with new difficulties. The emancipation of the serfs has raised as many problems as it seemed to solve, and no one can yet say how it may end. Serious reforms in the Church are talked of and likely to be before long undertaken. The finances of the empire, exhausted by the construction of so many railways, which have not yet be-

gun to be remunerative, require the most careful nursing. Moreover (and this is a reason to which the enlightened liberals of Russia attach great weight) the addition of new territories obviously incapable of constitutional government would impede or delay that creation of free representative institutions which is the great and the most difficult question of the future for Russia, and towards which some cautious steps have already been taken. The power of the central government is now felt to be too great, and every extension of the districts which can only be ruled despotically by the central government will necessarily throw more upon it.*

It may be answered, Supposing all that has just been urged to be true, it does not follow that the Russian government or people see it to be true. They may not believe in this alleged incapacity to find administrators, or they may think that the same course of aggrandizement which has brought them to their present point of greatness will carry them on with full sails over the difficulties of the future: *tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito*. Or, even while admitting that the development of their internal resources and the creation of representative institutions is the surest path to prosperity, they may be too much seduced by the brilliant prize that seems to lie within their grasp, too much intoxicated by a sense of their "historic panslavonic mission," to be able to halt when the voices of race and religion call them on.

This is a matter on which no one, no, not a Russian himself, can speak with confidence. The sentiment of a nation, the policy of a government, change from day to day, and change from causes beyond prediction. Two or three remarks

* Of course all that is said here as to the present unfitness of Russia to annex the provinces of Turkey applies with tenfold force to India, as being far more distant and having far fewer elements of national affinity to start from. That Russia may some day wish to menace us through her proximity to India is possible enough. But that she will attempt, within any time one can presently foresee, to conquer India for herself, with all that she has on her hands already, and with the possibility of conquering Persia always open to her, is an opinion which would scarcely seem to require refutation. As to the interest of England in keeping Russia out of Constantinople, two grounds are commonly assigned. Some say that once there she could conquer Asia Minor and Syria, forgetting that she can do so now from Transcaucasia. Others say that she may block our path to India through the Levant. No doubt, if we lose the command of the sea; but if we lose that we shall probably anyhow lose India too. It would certainly be a misfortune for the world (including Russia herself) if she seized Constantinople. But the injury to England in particular would have nothing to do with India: it would consist in the stoppage of our trade with the Black Sea countries and northern Persia.

however may be ventured for the sake of clearing away a prevalent misconception.

It is commonly fancied, not only in England but in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy (where jealousy of Russia is even hotter than among ourselves), that what is called panslavism is the pervading passion of the Russian people and the guiding star of Russian foreign policy. No greater mistake. Panslavism is a theory, a doctrine, a sentiment, what you will, which has been taken up by a certain party in Russia, composed chiefly of such of the nobility as live in Moscow, of officers in the army, of a certain number of journalists and students. It has absolutely no hold on the peasantry, who would not even know what it meant, and very little on the merchants. It is repudiated by the advanced or socialistic democrats. It is in fact the doctrine of a party, not of the nation, of a party like that which in England would have us go to war for the Turks, or like that which in France desires to restore by arms the temporal power of the pope.* That it exerts considerable influence is undeniable, but that influence is rather declining than increasing, and at this moment draws what appears to be its strength from a source that is really quite different—the religious sentiment of hatred to Islam. The wisest heads in Russia, and particularly those who surround the present emperor and reflect his moderation, see through the vague and flimsy notion, a wild inference drawn by ignorance and vanity from misconceived premises, that the largest Slavonic State is necessarily or naturally called upon to unite all Slavonic races under one sceptre. And though they may occasionally use this spectre to frighten their neighbors, they have far too sound an appreciation of what is practical in politics to be influenced by it themselves.

Similarly with regard to the supposed desire of all Russians to possess Constantinople. One may hear some irresponsible talk on the subject from private people: expressions of a belief that sooner or later the czar will plant the cross on St. Sophia, and that all south-eastern Europe will own the Muscovite faith and rule, while England and Austria gnash their teeth in the distance. Just such irresponsible talk one

may hear from Germans about the necessity of annexing Holland, or even of gathering England and Scandinavia into the great pan-Teutonic empire. Just such idle hopes one may hear Spaniards express of the incorporation of Portugal. Just such was formerly the vamping language of Americans about Canada and Mexico. A boy when he looks at a map fancies that the most powerful countries are those which cover the largest space, and it is wonderful how many of us remain boys in this regard. There are plenty of foolish persons in Russia as elsewhere, who fall into this vulgar confusion of bigness with greatness. But there, as elsewhere, sensible men see not only that Russia at Constantinople would be weaker and more exposed than she is now, but that she would run some risk of ceasing to be Russia at all, and would be led away into new paths whose end no one could see, and where the true interest of the old Russian people would soon be lost sight of.

The active sympathy shown by the Russian nation with the Herzegovinians and Servians during the last few months has been taken in some quarters as conclusive evidence of its passion for conquest. No assumption can be more gratuitous. It would have been strange indeed if a people among whom religion is an infinitely more potent force (the only one that moves all classes) than in any other part of Europe, had not sympathized with its co-religionists in their struggle, not against ordinary enemies, but against the very enemies before whom Russia had lain prostrate for two centuries, and with whom she had maintained a long, doubtful, though ultimately successful, warfare for three centuries more. The hatred of the Russian people to Mohammedans is almost as striking a feature in their national history and character as it was in those of the Spaniards of the sixteenth century, among whom its origin had been precisely the same. It is almost as deep a feeling as their devotion to the Orthodox Church; it is, in fact, with them a part alike of their religion and their patriotism. No one can understand the attitude of Russia in these questions without allowing for the intensity in her people of this combined sentiment—the result of her whole history—of sympathy with Christians of the Orthodox rite and faith, and hatred to their Mussulman rulers. In the present instance there was added to these feelings a wrath and horror at the cruelties perpetrated by the Turks, which were not indeed more deep or gen-

* Two assumptions are constantly made by our Russophobists, which are perhaps less absurd as applied to Russia than they would be to a popular government, but still quite baseless: firstly, that Russia is one, instead of being divided into parties like ourselves; secondly, that she has one deep-laid unchanging scheme of policy, to which she adheres through all changes of circumstance.

vine than the indignation those cruelties called forth in England, but were all the fiercer because it was commonly believed in Russia, down to the middle of September last, that Europe generally, and England in particular, were viewing those cruelties with complete *sang froid*, and that they had not in the least affected the traditional English friendship for Turkey. These things being so, one has no need either of panslavistic theories or the lust for conquest to explain that passionate outburst of feeling in Russia this summer which the czar and his advisers have found it so hard to resist. It pervaded, it still pervades, all classes, even down to the peasantry who know and care nothing about politics. It would make it far easier for the government, despite its financial embarrassments, to undertake a war against Turkey now than at any time within this century. People have compared it to our sympathy with the Garibaldians in 1859, or to that of the Germans for the Holsteins in 1863. But it is, by the nature of the case, infinitely stronger than in either of those instances (in which, nevertheless, plenty of volunteers were found ready to start), and may best be likened to the feeling wherewith the English people heard in 1641 of the terrible massacre of the Protestant colonists of Ulster, a feeling which bore no small part in bringing on the great civil war.

It is no part of my purpose to discuss the recent policy of Russia. Whether it has been selfish and tortuous, or whether the government has honestly endeavored to restrain the fanaticism of its subjects and co-operate with the other powers for the benefit of the Christians in Turkey, is a matter of present political controversy, and I desire here to keep as much as possible upon historical ground. But however its rulers may use the enthusiasm of the Russian people, the fact of that enthusiasm and its grounds ought to be known and weighed, for they are most important elements in the problem before us.

Without professing to see farther into a millstone than the rest of the world, one may incline to believe that whatever be the dreams or schemes of the party of advance in Russia, and whatever the possibility that the cabinet of St. Petersburg may ultimately, more or less, adopt them, its present policy is directed, not so much to the acquisition of territory as to the extension and strengthening of its influence in Turkey, both upon the Porte itself and upon the subject Christian populations, so as to establish, in fact, a sort of protecto-

rate over the sultan and his dominions. Such a protectorate might be sought either from selfish or disinterested motives; doubtless it is sought from both. But be this as it may, be Russia's object the extension of her dominions or only the extension of her influence, the question how she may best be met—checked, if you will—is not, substantially, very different. On this question a few words may be said in conclusion.

The influence of Russia over the Christians of Turkey and her power for aggression, so far as it depends on that influence, is held to be derived from two sources. One is, their belief that she, and she alone, sympathizes with their sufferings, and is prepared to help them. This is a real and potent cause. The other is their sense of nearness to her in blood and religion, the feeling of Slavs for Slavs, of Orthodox Eastern Christians for one another. This cause has some force; but a force both much more limited in area and weaker within that area than is usually ascribed to it. Let us see how both may be met.

It is, or ought to be, superfluous to add a particle of fresh evidence to that which is already before Europe of the misgovernment of the Turkish provinces and of the utter incapacity of the government for reform. Every Frank you meet in Anatolia or Roumelia or Constantinople itself, however much he may prefer (as he usually does) the individual Turk to the individual Greek or Armenian, tells you that things are certainly no better than they were twenty years ago, in the days of the Crimean war, that they are probably worse, than it is useless to expect any reform from the Porte, that all the promises it makes will and must be broken—must, because there are neither men fit to carry out reforms, nor is there any force at headquarters to compel them to do so. It is really hardly necessary, in order to get any idea of what Turkish government is, to do more than sail down the Bosphorus and count the magnificent palaces, rich with marble without and sumptuous decorations within, that line its shore, palaces erected by Sultan Abdul Aziz out of the money he borrowed in the west while his own revenue was diminishing, the oppression of the provinces increasing, the most necessary public undertakings lying unfinished. But wherever one goes in the Turkish empire one hears the same story of the inhabitants oppressed by exactions, of wanton cruelties perpetrated by the officials and the tax-farmers, of land dropping out of cultivation because the people

cannot pay the taxes, of the decline of trade, of the decrease of wealth even among the richer families, of mines unworked, because the functionaries from whom the concession must be obtained break faith or demand extravagant bribes. In a disorganized and dying empire it usually happens that a provincial governor or satrap makes himself independent and establishes a government stronger if not better than the one he has revolted from. The Porte guards against this danger by changing its local governors very frequently; and what is the result? A good governor—for there are good governors even in Turkey—is taken away just when he has begun to know something of his district, and all the sooner if it is suspected that he is popular there. A bad one—and considering the nature of the court influences by which they are appointed, it is not surprising that most of them should be heartily bad—makes the most of his short tenure by squeezing every piastre he can out of his wretched subjects, whether by way of taxes or bribes or of plain downright extortion. And in both sets of cases all continuity and regularity of administration, all possibility of carrying out reforms, is destroyed by these frequent changes.*

From the unspeakable misery which this misrule causes, the Mohammedan population suffers, not indeed so much as the Christian, because the former have more chance of protection from the courts of law, may carry arms, and are less liable to be robbed or bastinadoed by a brother Muslim, but still quite enough to entitle them to our earnest sympathy. It is surely a mistake in dealing with this question, to endeavor to set creed against

creed, and enlist European feeling on behalf of the Christians only. It is also a mistake to make the indictment against the Porte appear to rest on isolated acts of cruelty and revenge, however hideous. It rests upon a long course of misgovernment, persevered in after repeated warnings, which has reduced some of the richest countries in the world to beggary, which makes the lives of their inhabitants wretched, which produces the state of society wherein massacres like that of May last had become possible.

Notwithstanding these facts, which might be supposed to have by this time become pretty well known in the west, people talk about the integrity of the Turkish empire, the importance of maintaining the *status quo*, etc., etc. Now, you cannot maintain the *status quo*. As a great German writer has somewhere said, there is in the moral and political, as in the material world, no such thing as a *status quo*. All is change and motion, if not from worse to better, then from better to worse. You may keep Turkey unscathed by foreign invasion. You may aid the sultan to suppress revolts within. But you will not thereby, no, nor by exacting a hundred promises of reform, arrest that sure and steady though silent process of decay which has been going on for the last century or more, and makes the government more and more powerless for everything but evil. You cannot prevent the empire from one day falling to pieces, after another era of silent oppression varied by revolts and massacres. You may make that era longer, but it will end at last, and when it ends, the hatred of Muslim and Christian, more bitter now than twenty years ago, will probably have become more bitter still.

It is their impatience of this tyranny and their belief that while the other powers—England and Austria especially—desire simply to maintain the *status quo*, Russia alone is willing and able to help them, that has accustomed the Christians of Turkey to look to Russia, and has given her the influence she now enjoys. Nothing can be more natural, nor do we need either secret societies or Russian emissaries (though for aught I know Russian emissaries may be at work, like moles, on every Bulgarian farm) to account for so simple a phenomenon. These poor people are surely not to be cut off from all hope: and what conceivable loyalty or duty can they owe to a ruling caste and government which calls them and treats them like dogs? Which of us, under such

* It is unnecessary to discuss whether this incapacity for reform is due to religion, or to race, or to both; but a protest may be made, in passing, against the notion that the Turks deserve to be driven out of Europe because they are Asiatics, as if the Magyars, for instance, were not Asiatics in almost the same sense as the Turks. For the matter of that, the Mohammedan population of the Turkish empire are not, ethnologically speaking, Turks at all, any more than we are Normans or the modern Spaniards Visigoths. There are places in Asia Minor where you may see a few true Turks still remaining, just as in the valleys of the Asturias you may occasionally find villages where blue eyes and light hair show the permanence of a Gothic type. But the Muslims of Turkey are probably one of the most mixed races in the world, the children of those subjects of the Byzantine empire who embraced Islam at first, or have been subsequently converted to it; of slaves brought into the empire; of janizaries; of the upper class of Turks by Georgian, Circassian, Mingrelian, Greek, Slavonic mothers. And the contrast is great indeed between the heavy, languid, flabby faces of the Turkish royal family, for instance, with their drooping eyelids and rounded sensual outlines, and the firm, hard, angular, bony features, small, fierce, restless eyes, and well-knit frames of the genuine Turks or Tatars of the Aral or Caspian steppes.

a government, would not intrigue, and rebel too whenever he got the chance? The only way to remove this disposition to turn to Russia is to remove its cause, that is, to improve the internal condition of the Turkish empire. As regards the largest part of that empire, where the government of the sultan must be suffered to subsist, because there is nothing to put in its place, the only really effective measure would be to appoint European commissioners, not only to watch and stimulate the ministry at Constantinople, but to reside at all the principal seats of provincial government and see that the pashas and kadis do their duty. But there are districts where it is fortunately possible to go somewhat further, outlying tracts where the Christians are in a large majority, and which may therefore be practically withdrawn from Turkish administration, even if left nominally subject to the sultan, as Roumania was and Servia is. Thus Thessaly and Crete might go to Greece, not because Greece has deserved them—what have practical politics to do with deserts?—but because it will be better for all parties: Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Herzegovina would acquire a species of qualified independence, under the guarantee of the great powers, and be no longer ruled and pillaged by Turkish officials and tax-farmers. It is in these last-named provinces that the anti-Turkish and pro-Russian feeling is strongest; for in them the Christian population is largest, and lying nearer to Russia they are naturally more inclined to look to her as a deliverer. If she devours Turkey, they will be the first mouthful; if she attacks Turkey, their sympathy will be a considerable aid to her. Our Russophobists ought therefore to think it more specially important to do something to relieve the wrongs of these provinces, although those who hold that we have also a duty in the matter will not rest content without trying to assuage the misery of the inhabitants, Muslim as well as Christian, of Roumelia and Asia Minor.*

* It is often said that the Porte will not consent to any sweeping changes or limitations of its power. The truth is that the Porte, like other Oriental governments, will consent to anything if it is pressed hard enough, but to nothing while it thinks it can delay the evil day by professions and promises, and above all, while it has still got a friend left, ourselves, whose jealousy and suspicion may be played upon. If it saw that England was foremost (as the Crimean war gives her a right to be foremost) in exacting strict terms, its tone would soon change. There is no patriotism anywhere in Turkey, least of all in the official class. Among them there is only self-interest, and with self-interest one can always reckon. There is indeed plenty of fanaticism, active among the priests, dormant, but liable to be roused in a moment, among the lower class.

The other source of Russian influence over the Christians of Turkey lies, or is supposed to lie, in panslavism. Now, whatever panslavism may be in Russia itself, outside of Russia it is a mere phantom, a spectre evoked to terrify Magyars and Germans, but which vanishes when you approach it. Over whom is it supposed to have power? Not over the Roumans, who are no Slavs, who are excessively afraid of being absorbed by Russia, and have shown not a spark of sympathy all these last months for their Bulgarian and Servian neighbors. Not over the Slavic subjects of Austria, who are nearly all Roman Catholics, and therefore far more repelled from Russia by religion than they can be attracted to her by the fantastic sentiment of race. The Poles, of course, and the Czechs hardly less than their Polish brethren, heartily hate Russia; the other Austrian Slavs sometimes use her to frighten the Magyars, but they know well enough that they are far better as they are than they would be under Muscovite rule, and that with the aid of the Germans and their own numerical preponderance they can hold their own against the Magyars. It is by no means solely or even chiefly due to the prohibition of the government that hardly a volunteer has gone from among the Slavs of Austria to help the Servians. Coming to Turkey itself, the Greeks and Armenians have of course no Slavonic sympathies; the Greeks, indeed, have quite different visions of their own—visions of a Greek empire upon the Bosphorus. As to the Christian Slavs, Servians, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, Montenegrins, Bulgarians (including for the sake of the argument the Bulgarians among the Slavs), the panslavistic propaganda has made no progress among the mass of them: its doctrines are known only to some few journalists and politicians. They are, however (except the Bosnian Catholics), drawn to Russia by ecclesiastical sympathy. They are proud of her as a big elder brother. They are grateful to her for what encouragement she has given them. They would rather be under her rule than the sultan's, but they have otherwise no desire to be absorbed by her. We have just marked how soon ill-feeling sprang up between the Servians and their too powerful friends. The Bulgarians would be very sorry to

But the officials could easily, if they wished, carry out all the changes the powers may demand, without exciting this fanaticism. Of course they now use it as a weapon, and a terrible weapon it is, against any demands of the powers.

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see their lately won ecclesiastical independence sacrificed, as it certainly would be, to the Russian desire for ecclesiastical uniformity and centralization. Once delivered from Turkish oppression, the Bulgarians and Bosnians would have no more desire to come under the Russian conscription, the Russian customs system, the vexatious Russian police supervision, than the Servians or Roumans have now. Any kind of independence would seem preferable — why be swallowed up and forgotten in that monstrous state, like snow-flakes in a river? Panslavism would soon have no more power over the Slavs of the Danube than pan-Teutonism has over Swedes or Dutchmen.

Whichever way the question is regarded, the conclusion appears to be the same, that the best way of stopping Russia is to remove as far as possible the grounds which justify her interference, and substitute the powers collectively, and England not least conspicuously among them, for Russia alone as the protecting influence to which the subject populations have to look. One part of this is to exact from the Porte all such reforms in the administration of its provinces generally as it is possible for the watchful presence of European commissioners to see carried out. The other is to erect in the north of European Turkey a group of semi-independent principalities whose interest it will be to maintain and strengthen their separate national life, and which will, in fact, constitute a barrier against the farther advance of Russia in that direction. Of course there will be plenty of intrigue and corruption in such principalities, as there is in Roumania now (whose people, by the way, are in every respect inferior to the Bulgarians), and very likely Russia will have a finger in such intrigues. But two facts will remain: the condition of the inhabitants will be better than it is under the Porte, and instead of looking to Russia to send her troops in among them, they will have every motive to keep her at arm's-length.

This is putting the case from the most anti-Russian point of view, and assuming her motives to be merely selfish — an assumption that seems to me thoroughly wanton and unfair. True it is that some of the bolder spirits in the Russian party of aggression would regret the loss of a fulcrum by which they worked on the subjects of the Porte, and by which they could also stimulate at times the enthusiasm of their more ignorant fellow-countrymen, thereby winning for their cause a strength

not its own. This weapon, this passionate sympathy for Christians oppressed by Muslims, which makes Russia at the present moment really formidable, they would lose, to the world's gain. But many of the best and wisest people in Russia (including, one may well hope and believe, the emperor himself) would be heartily glad to see substantial reforms carried out in Turkey and the frontier provinces liberated, both for the sake of the subject Christians, and because they feel that a large part of their own people would thereby be led to turn their aspirations into a healthier channel and think more of developing intellectually and materially the Russia they have got, than of adding to her new provinces which could only be a source of weakness.

Whatever be Russia's real designs — as to which I will only repeat that I have not sought to prove that they are unselfish, but only that we shall certainly err by assuming them to be dishonest, and by ignoring the mighty popular forces that are at work pressing the czar onward — one thing seems tolerably clear. The mistake of England has been in leaving to Russia all these years, and more especially since the insurrection broke out in Herzegovina, the sole championship (whether real or apparent) of good government and the welfare of the Christian population in Turkey. What the consequences of that mistake have been during the last six months; how it has divided us at home in a way that would have been impossible had the whole truth been known; how it has made our policy waver in the eyes of foreign nations; has kept Austria afraid to rely on us; has incensed all Russia, and emboldened her war party; has encouraged the Porte to refuse what it would otherwise have conceded, and made it believe that in the last resort it can always play upon our fears for Constantinople — these are questions which it is beyond the scope of the present article to discuss.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,
AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.

A SUDDEN SUMMONS.

PLEASANCE was still at Stone Cross, when the morning post brought her, along

with some few papers, a private letter from Mr. Woodcock. He had accepted her as a client, and had written to her frequently in the settlement of her affairs. Such letters were in the course of his duty, and he did not depute them to a clerk, because he had a genuine respect and liking for Archie Douglas's wife.

Pleasance opened the letter at her breakfast-table, without a suspicion of anything extraordinary, but she had not read a line of the scrawled and blotted half-page, a contrast to Mr. Woodcock's usual strong, clear, handwriting with which he was in the habit of covering a page and a half, or two pages, of paper, without being aware that some startling calamity had thrown even a man like Mr. Woodcock off his balance.

"DEAR MADAM," he wrote, "I am grieved to inform you that bad news has just reached me, indirectly, which you ought to know, and not to read first in the newspapers. A grievous accident has happened to the shooting-party at Shardleigh. The telegram for a London surgeon simply stated that Mr. Douglas had received a gun-shot wound, that the hæmorrhage was great, and the worst apprehensions were entertained. I have not a moment to lose, as I am starting at once to do what I can for the poor fellow and his mother and sister. I shall write to you by the first post after I arrive at Shardleigh; and if anything remains to be done, you may command my best services.

"Your faithful and obedient servant,
"GEOFFREY WOODCOCK."

It was on a September morning, the year having advanced through its prime into its first decay, when Pleasance sat alone in the dining-room at Willow House with that letter on the table-cloth before her, and when her eyes all at once began to swim.

She recovered presently, so as even to hear the sweet, cheery song of a robin on one of the willow-trees, that peculiarly autumnal song associated with the garnering in of ripe fruit, and the pathetic, peaceful smile of the autumnal sun over the reaped and stripped fields and orchards, to which Archie Douglas had first called her attention.

Archie — Joel Wray — badly hurt, dying, perhaps dead already — no, the last could not be with the sun shining in the sky, and she sitting there with no intimation of it — only let God spare Archie Douglas to walk the face of the earth, to

breathe the same air with her — only let God not cut him off in his fresh youth, and she would ask nothing more.

What of the early quarrel between husband and wife? What of their obstinately maintained separation ever since, and of the people who would not hesitate to say that the couple who had never been happy together, never borne and forborne, and shared good and evil as husband and wife ought, but who had fallen apart and kept apart from the moment of their union, could surely, of all the couples in the world, best afford to be parted? These people knew nothing of the love that in its bitterness may be the very root and source of discord, and which can survive all discord and all disunion, though its undying existence be but an undying anguish till love and life be put in harmony. It was the very reverse of what they said. Archie Douglas and she who were severed and at enmity, could of all the couples in the world least afford to be sundered by death.

Archie, if he were conscious, might think of her; wish for her presence, seek to accomplish their reconciliation in death, as he had sought it in life. Pleasance would no longer fail him, since the shadow of death obscured all worldly distinctions. Would there be any room left save for primitive wants — especially in the heart which was naturally single and tender? Would not the one passion of his life, which had exercised such all-powerful sway over him, as in Pleasance's eyes to make havoc of his integrity, reassert its sway, even in the middle of the most solemn considerations? Would not love prove indeed strong as death, and, outlasting all other human emotions, cause him to sigh with his passing breath for the sight of his wife — for an assurance that they were one at last, and in spite of all, for an embrace in which he should gather up and bid farewell to mortal good?

Pleasance rose up quickly to go on her errand; she had not called together her small household, or announced to the Perrys a catastrophe in which they, too, had an interest.

Pleasance could not tell what she might have done had she been a happy wife, only parted for a day from her husband. But even then she had a dim notion that she could ill have borne sympathy; that she could not have called in her servants to weep and lament with her over the worst, or to attempt to revive her soul with vain hopes and feeble consolations; she would rather, if it might have been, have played

the part of that Shunammite woman who had been the object of her youthful admiration, and said, "It shall be well; and then she saddled an ass and said to her servants, Drive and go forward, slack not thy riding for me except I bid thee." As it was, she did no more than tell Mrs. Perry that she had heard news which would cause her to take a journey at once, and that she could not tell when she might return.

Mrs. Perry, watching her mistress narrowly under her deference, made no opposition.

For that matter Mrs. Perry was in the receipt of recent letters from her old mistress, demolishing the original construction which Perry had put on her instructions, and abounding in injunctions which had Mrs. Archie Douglas's supreme will and pleasure, her highest honor and satisfaction, for their constant text. "Something has come to her, Perry, but it is no business of ours to make remarks; there is a light in her eye and a set of her mouth, that I never saw matched in my proper Mrs. Douglas. Our present Mrs. Douglas is growing up and taking on, Perry. All she said was, 'I must go, Mrs. Perry, get me a time-table,—yes, it must be the first train north-west. I cannot say anything about coming back;' and not another word or sign, as if she had only to speak and have what she wanted done, and it was not for her to give reasons. I shall offer either you or me to go with her as maid or man, although she do lead us a dance. I don't think she will, she has grown so—fit company for the dean's lady, and the rest, don't they know it? This last Mrs. Douglas has picked up that purse of her own which my lady did not bring with her, but she has found more—she has found mind, manners, everything. Whatever can Mr. Archie be thinking of to continue to turn his back on his lady, who has grown to be so fine a lady? She was always handsome, as can be seen. But we have nothing to say of our master and mistress; and I only hope, Perry, that they will see we have acted with discretion, and done our duty."

Perry was compelled to acquiesce even to the alarming suggestion of sending him away as man with young Mrs. Douglas on an unknown journey with no termination specified—when his melon beds were in their most critical condition.

But Pleasance declined the company of either Mrs. Perry or her husband—her growth as a fine lady had not extended to

any such necessity in her eyes. "I have travelled before by myself, I can manage perfectly," she was a little impatient in refusing to be helpless.

Mrs. Perry might pack a trunk for her mistress, prepare sandwiches and put them in a sandwich-case, and Perry might go with her to the station, where, however, Pleasance abruptly dismissed him, and took out her ticket, starting alone on her journey of life or death.

Stone Cross and Shardleigh were three middle-sized counties apart, but these counties could be traversed in the course of one autumn afternoon, so near had Pleasance been to her husband when he was at his own place, by the speed which annihilates distance. As yet she did not feel it near as she sat with her fingers clasped tightly together, and looked out mechanically on the shifting scene through which she was whirled along.

It was a grey, still day; but the country through which Pleasance passed and which rapidly became more and more wooded in its landscape, showed no change in the heavy dusky green foliage of later summer. In spring, these coppices, coverts, and stretches of young plantation, and old woodland, would present every variety of delicate green, daintily brushed and powdered with red and brown. Six weeks later than this September day, they would be gorgeous in their autumn patches of yellow and crimson. Even in midwinter, when the varied tracery of the boughs became exposed, with the copper-colored stems of firs, the white bark of birches, and the misty purple tinge of beech twigs brought out in fine mellow relief against a dark background, there would be no monotony such as was presented by the present sombre uniformity of color and shade. Even when she did not know that she was looking at it, Pleasance had a dreary sense of summer fulfilment, without the glory of autumn.

The hedges with their burnished wealth of hips and haws, the very bare fields, were an unconscious relief, after these dark woods, where birds were silent, and last year's nests deserted, where hyacinths and primroses had long withered and seeded on their stems. The belied bleak east country, with its openness and width of light, had been less depressing than these unrelieved masses of wood.

It chanced that Pleasance had no companions for the first part of her journey; towards the close the train got mixed up with and lost in a whole series of trains which had been running with special re-

gard to a volunteer review held in the neighborhood.

It had been a monster review, inspected not only by a field officer and his staff, but by one of the royal princes, and had attracted a large company of spectators in addition to the volunteers themselves. Each carriage of the train employed for the purpose of the review, was crowded to overflowing, until at a junction where Pleasance's express train stopped, its carriages were pressed into the service. At last, when third and second class carriages were crammed beyond further expansion, a portion of the travellers were transferred to the first-class carriages. A couple of elderly, well-to-do farmers, returning, not from the review, but from the next market town, were drafted upon Pleasance as her share in the reversion. "No intrusion, I hope, miss; you see we cannot help ourselves, if we are to get home to-night," said one of the invaders. They were both of them bluff and stout men. Both wore dark frock coats which had a Sunday air, and each made a considerable display of shirt front.

The speaker addressed Pleasance in civil deprecation, glancing at her general air, but failing to recognize in it any sign of matronhood.

At another time Pleasance would have been diverted with the humor of such an excuse to her—pointed as it was by the recollection of her own intrusion into a first-class carriage under the wing of Mr. Woodcock, when her ill-fitting pilot jacket, and newly-bought gloves, had not proved a sufficient passport to so elevated a position. In her present circumstances Pleasance uttered only a gravely gracious negative to the idea of intrusion. She sat gazing dreamily out of the window, wondering how the noisy and extremely mundane farce of a fight, like a review, could be acted in close juxtaposition to that last tragic and very real single combat, between life and death, which is the last scene here below of our strange eventful history.

The two farmers were not gentlemen farmers, though they appeared to be yeomen of substance and respectability. They sat in the farthest corner from Pleasance, and were either silent or conversed for a time in undertones, suffering themselves to be subdued by the presence of the young lady, whom they mentally pronounced in looks and manner, if not in dress, a "stunner."

Gradually the restraint wore off, and the farmers carried on their conversation audibly. Their talk reached Pleasance, and

although she was not attending to its sense, by that curious faculty which the mind possesses, the words entered into her ears, so as to make an impression, capable of being retained and recalled, on her brain.

The farmers were not speaking of the market and its prices, or of the prospects of their crops and cattle—probably these interesting topics had already been disposed of—they were comparing notes on the more speculative question of their squire, his opinions, his worth, and his weakness. They spoke of him as elderly men do of men much their juniors, and as men in the struggle of business, or who are only moderately affluent, speak of other men—the select few, raised far above business fluctuations, born with silver spoons in their mouths, and amply, even excessively provided for during their threescore years and ten, while still in their cradles. Such men, with their equally lucky daughters, sisters, and wives, if women be included in the estimate, are rarely spoken of with envy by elderly men and women. On the contrary, the duke and duchess and the millionaire are apt to be indicated with a gentle indulgence and a mild pity, which broadly hint it is on the cards that all is not gold that glitters.

It became clear by the tenants' comments that their squire had other claims on their tolerance, besides his advantages as a great young squire. His opinions evidently did not coincide with the pronounced conservatism of the farmers. He seemed suspected of liberalism and radicalism; he was plainly charged with being too much on the side of those rascals of laborers. Yet even in this far more serious and culpable offence than the mere accident of having been born a squire's eldest or only son, and thus rendered exempt from these toils and the responsibilities in procuring a living, which go far to render men manly and thoughtful, the farmers spoke of their squire with considerable leniency. It was evident they looked over—even submitted to utilize—his youthful flush of confidence and enthusiasm, in giving in to the notion that such as he was in position, might be the natural arbiters between county boards, parish vestries, and individual employers of labor on the one hand, and the Hodges of labor on the other.

The whole tone of the criticism implied that there must have been the good offices of possibly more than one generation between the contending parties.

Pleasance listened and noted vaguely this talk of the yeomen about their su-

perior, wondering as vaguely all the time, how in the tumult and miserable anxiety of her mind, she could listen to what she was but partially capable of comprehending, to what she knew was of no moment to her.

She had ceased to listen, every pulse in her body was beating too impetuously, before she reached the last little country station, which the train would sweep by, before it approached Westbrook, the country town close to Shardleigh.

There were people waiting at the little station, at which there was no stop, and a salutation was waved amidst perceptible excitement from the group on the platform to some traveller in the train. "Do you see that? it will be to some friend of the gentleman," said one of Pleasance's companions, who had paused in his talk and was looking out. "There is Woodgreen where he was carried, and is lying"—he pointed to a farmhouse which the train was passing.

"He is not from these parts, you know," said the other, not looking at Pleasance, as she leant forward with heaving breast and convulsive grasp of the side of the carriage to steady herself. The speaker was utterly unconscious of the profound impression which he was making, as he went on with his speech which carried enlightenment in its careless words: "His name is Scotch, and so for that matter is the squire's, though I believe he is no relation, only a college chum who had come down with the other friends of the family, and was stopping in the house. I hear our Mr. Douglas, who, whatever may be his faults, has his heart in the right place, and no mistake, is terribly cut up by the accident. He has never left the other's bedside, day or night, any more than if he had been the squire's brother."

There was an unexpected silence in the carriage, for the second farmer's eyes were riveted on Pleasance.

"Has there been one accident or two?" she was forcing herself to ask, in a husky voice, raising her veil. "Who is hurt?"

The farmer, who had remarked her agitation, dismissed his first conjecture that the young lady was the friend of the injured gentleman to whom the signal had been made, and before whom he and his crony had begun indiscreetly to talk over the accident which, until to-day's review, had been the great topic of every circle in the neighborhood. "She may have no concern with this accident, but, poor soul! young as she is, she has had to do with some other in her life, so that the mere

mention of the trouble has given her a turn."

"Only one, miss, and that one too many," he said in civil explanation. "It was an accident in Mr. Douglas of Shardleigh's party, as they were shooting over Furze Brow yesterday. One of the bushes caught a gun, as should not have been loaded, carried by a lout of a beater, and the charge went into the shoulder of a stranger gentleman stopping up at the house. He went down like a shot, and was taken up bleeding like a bullock, from an artery, they say, and carried to Woodgreen. He was given over by the first doctor that saw him, but as he lived on, and was one of them folks that could afford more help, he had a dozen medical men around him in no time, while a tip-top surgeon from London was called in. Now I hear they agree between them, that since he has not given them the slip in the mean time, there is some chance for him left."

"I am glad," said Pleasance, in thankfulness for the respite to the man she had never seen, clasping her hands, the tears breaking forth and streaming over her cheeks.

She dried her tears, leant back, and told herself that it had been a great mistake. No doubt Mr. Woodcock had telegraphed, or written, or travelled away in hot haste, to remedy, so far as she was concerned, the blunder that had been committed. But she could not find time to think of herself, her idle journey and wasted pain; she was full of a blessed confusion of relief and gratitude, in which the needless sorrow and perturbation to herself, that would have been foremost in a more selfish and colder-hearted woman's mind, found as yet no room.

Then she became aware that her companions, with quite as much natural delicacy as engrossing interest in their own talk, had resumed their interrupted conversation. But only a few more words reached her ear when it flashed upon her that Archie Douglas was their squire, on whose proceedings they had been animadverting. She listened for what more was to come with tremulous eagerness, but it met her in a form which she had not expected, and overwhelmed her with discomfiture and dismay. She had the proverbial fate of the hearer, though her hearkening had related, as far as she knew, to talk of another—not of herself, and was done in open day. The speakers were proceeding to speak of her before her face, without their knowing it. One of

them was saying that the squire might have taken a lesson from his own unfortunate marriage not to favor violently the lower class and every vagabond, as he was inclined to do. The other was correcting him and telling him that he reckoned there was some mistake, for the squire's wife had proved to be a lady with a great fortune. But no doubt she was a bitter bad one, whatever she had come from or had in her hand, when even the squire—who, poor young fellow, was friendly to everybody—could not put up with the woman he had made his wife.

Pleasance had to endure the bewildering sense of impersonality, the strange feeling of shame, with which one has to sit and hear his character and history spoken of as that of another, without the power to prevent it. It would be worse than anything which had gone before, both for herself and these two stout tenants of her husband's, innocent of evil, if she were to say aloud, looking in their faces, "I am the squire's wife, and I have been as much sinned against as sinning."

CHAPTER LV.

ONE LOOK AT SHARDLEIGH.

WHEN the train stopped at Westbrook, the sprucest and least shy of the farmers paused after getting out, and said civilly to Pleasance, "Can't I do anything for you, miss—call your servant, or look after your luggage? We are quiet enough at Westbrook in general, but the stir of this review seems to have turned things topsyturvy here also.

"Thank you," said Pleasance, "but I have no luggage and no servant. I shall return by the next train. I find there has been a misunderstanding about my coming here," she added hastily, seeing that her volunteer ally looked surprised.

"Ah! that is unlucky, but I would not let myself be too easily put out," the elderly man proffered his sensible advice. "There is no end of railway mishaps," continued the farmer, remembering with regret old coaching days, attributing every error to railway mismanagement, and proceeding to condole with Pleasance on what he concluded was her plight, with fellow-feeling. "There is no train goes right through, I mean as far as me and my friend were taken up, till pretty late in the evening, and the daylight has drawn in a bit by now; you would be landed at your destination in the dark, and no friends expecting you again, it is like; better stop the night here. There are

good hotels where even a young lady like you, though she may feel a trifle awkward, will be perfectly safe and pretty comfortable. I am going to pick up my horse and trap at the best (the Swan), and will be happy to show you the way, if you wish it. It is a crying shame there ain't damages to passengers for being misinformed, as well as for accidents, though damages might be no object to the like of you."

Pleasance, feeling weary and bewildered, readily accepted the friendly service, but before she could get out of the station she was again accosted, by a gentleman's groom this time. He came hurriedly up, looked about him, and approached Pleasance, touching his hat. "Beg pardon, ma'am, but is your name Douglas?"

Pleasance gave a great start and a gasp. Had detection found her out the moment that she had come within a mile of Shardleigh? But she could not deny her name, let the result be what it might. "Yes," she said, trying to speak firmly.

"Then she is a friend of the poor gentleman's after all," reflected the attentive farmer; "but what the dickens did she mean by a misunderstanding about her coming?"

"I have been sent over to fetch you; the carriage is at the gate. Gentleman is better, ma'am, I am most 'appy to say; looking up decidedly; the worst is over, they app'rend. I was bidden be sure and tell you the first thing. The squire he would have come himself, but he has been so taken up to-day with the prince and everythink; he was only seeing the prince off when I left."

"I think there is another mistake," said Pleasance with a faint smile, growing sick in the middle of her sense of deliverance at the bare thought of the danger which she had narrowly escaped. She felt sure, too, that her wits were giving way under the shocks and trials of the day, when she could jumble up the mention of a prince, with Archie Douglas and his engagement in attending on his friend.

"I am not a relative of the sick gentleman's, but another Douglas."

Her assertion was corroborated by a shout from the farther end of the train. "Here, Waterton, here is the lady for Woodgreen," and Pleasance, with a little thrill of interest that withdrew her for a moment from her own pressing cares, joined the rest of the travellers, and the railway functionaries standing aside to make way for, and to gaze sympathetically at the pale, red-eyed woman for whom Pleasance had been mistaken, and whose

piteous case she had held, not an hour before, to be her own.

"To be sure," Pleasance's farmer friend was saying. "Douglas is a common name — seems so, at least — no end to misunderstandings, this way, miss, to the Swan."

He never for a moment, in his recent discovery of the commonness of the name of Douglas, associated the beautiful young lady whom he was proud to be of use to, and in so doing, to teach his neighbor Hipwell manners — with the wife of whom even his philanthropic young squire was fain to get rid, and whom the farmer himself had been lately denouncing as a reprobate.

Westbrook, though a good old town of some size and respectability, added to a certain old-fashioned sober beauty, was not a manufacturing town. The commotion in its crowded streets was due to its contingent to the review, and to the fact which Pleasance and her conductor learned as they walked along, that the young prince who had naturally been the hero of the review, had passed through the town in the afternoon.

Even the elderly man of bucolic interests was moved by the honor which had been done to the place, and indulged in regrets that his women-folks had not known in time to go and stare at the real live prince with the rest.

The news did not prevent Pleasance's companion from discharging his office as guide, but his desire to talk the great event over in the bar of the Swan, and to carry the tale home, largely eclipsed the sensation which Pleasance had created in his mind. Nevertheless, he was more than willing to do a good turn to this pleasant-spoken beauty, who was about the age of his youngest daughter; but since he regarded himself as a leading man in his line in the district, and was fond of taking an active part in every public matter, he was rather glad to get his strange young lady off his hands, and to think no more of her. He was ready to rush into the heat of the discussion going on in the bar of the Swan, whether it were possible to get up impromptu fireworks to celebrate loyally the honor done to the town.

The Swan, where Pleasance was as desirous of finding shelter as her conductor could be of disposing of her, and where the farmer handed her over as a strange young lady who had come to grief by losing her way on the railway, fully deserved the character it had received. It was a

county-town inn of the best sort, and where, even in the midst of the universal commotion, Pleasance was immediately shown to a good private sitting-room, and was waited upon by a neat, clever, soft-spoken maid.

The landlady had only got time to catch a glimpse of Pleasance arriving without luggage or attendant under the championship of Mr. Burrows, of Hog's Lane Farm, but she, like the old landlady of the Yorkshire Grey, was favorably impressed. She leapt to the conclusion that Mr. Burrows was right, the guest was really one of the gentle-folks who had been victims to the disorder on the line that day, and whom it was alike the landlady's duty and policy to treat with every attention.

If it had not been for the special supper given in the Swan that night to the Westbrook volunteers, the landlady would have devoted herself to Pleasance; as it was, she told off for her use the nicest of her chambermaids.

Pleasance had grown, as Mrs. Perry had declared, since the days of the Yorkshire Grey, and since her acquaintance with the ways and doings of the Brown Cow. The result of the months and months spent at Willow House, under Mrs. Perry's careful auspices, was that Pleasance took all those marks of distinction as a matter of course, and confirmed the chambermaid in her report to her mistress, that the new-comer was quite my lady; such another as Sir John's daughters, when they had rooms for the county ball.

Pleasance ventured to ask her attendant about Shardleigh, and found that, after the prince, who would have been the preferable subject of conversation, there was nothing that any inhabitant of Westbrook would speak of with greater readiness and gusto than Shardleigh. It was not only the finest place in the neighborhood, but the squire was very liberal, as his father had been before him, in allowing the use of old rights of way, and in throwing open his grounds, and especially his winter garden on set days to the public. The family resided part of every year at Shardleigh, Mrs. and Miss Douglas, the squire's mother and sister, were there then; and the prince had called that afternoon at Shardleigh, which had been the reason of his passing through Westbrook. Of course the prince could not be in the neighborhood — nobody ever was in the neighborhood — without visiting Shardleigh grounds.

The family always employed the town tradesmen; and not only Mrs. Douglas,

but the squire and his sister took a deal of trouble with the workpeople, and were very good to the poor. And a prince had actually been to Shardleigh in token that its attractions were transcendent.

"How far was it from Westbrook to Shardleigh?" Pleasance questioned.

A full mile by the road to the principal gate, then another mile through the park to the winter garden and the house, her willing informant told her; but there was a lane which led by the house, as it stood in the corner of the park, and from one point of which — where the lane crossed Burnham Brook — you could catch quite a near view of the house with the great conservatory and the terrace. The lane was not above a quarter of a mile from the town, but few people cared for it now, since every Tuesday, any one who liked could drive in at the main entrance, and go right up to the house, and walk all over the gardens and the conservatory; even when the family were at home, they took care to be out of the way, or they greeted the visitors pleasantly. Mr. Douglas had even been known to turn aside in order to set right a party of tourists. People said that it was beneath him, and that he should know his own place and think more of himself; but the pleasant-spoken chambermaid thought he was a very fine young gentleman indeed, and was sure he would be as kind as a woman to the poor gentleman lying badly hurt at Woodgreen.

"I am sure he will," said Pleasance, with eager acquiescence.

She had dined in the golden glow of an approaching fine September sunset in which the grey day had ended; she was detaining the maid who had acted as nimble hands and feet to a venerable grey-headed waiter — nominally serving, while Pleasance cut an apple into minutest sections, and turned over its seeds. "I should like a stroll this beautiful evening," she said hesitatingly, setting about the first piece of duplicity she had been guilty of in her life, and necessarily bungling it; "could I find the lane you spoke of? is it easily reached?"

Quite easily, the maid said with decision; she had only to go as far as St. Nicholas's Church — the old church with the square tower — in sight of the Swan windows, and pass it, when she would find the lane which turned off fifty yards or so beyond the churchyard. It was a very quiet walk; Westbrook was generally quiet, for it had no rough mill hands, or swaggering soldiers, or tramps to speak of. But this night, when there was talk of rockets to

be thrown up, or at least a bonfire lighted in the Elm Meadow, the maid would go bail that the lady would not meet a living soul in Shardleigh Lane.

She would not meet a living soul, Pleasance repeated in feverish reassurance, for a longing had seized her to look for this once, when she was so near, on Shardleigh, which might have been her home. She had no apprehension of meeting Archie Douglas, whose post was by his friend at the farmhouse, a station distant. The only other person whose recognition Pleasance feared was Archie's sister Jane. But Pleasance argued that it was very unlikely, when she only knew a single girl in the whole population of Westbrook, numbering ten thousand, that this solitary girl should be the very person Pleasance would meet in a deserted lane, in the evening, of all times, when a girl in Jane Douglas's rank must have dressed for dinner, and be obliged to confine herself to the conservatory or the terrace.

Besides, though this single girl was her own sister-in-law, Pleasance, whom she had only seen once, and that for a short time in the Willow House drawing-room, would not probably recognize her in her walking-dress with hat and veil.

Pleasance ruled that there was no risk of discovery from this enemy; and she herself would be gone early the next morning on her return to Stone Cross.

So she went out before the yellow light of the sunset had reached its climax, and found the few streets she traversed not only restored to their usual quiet, but already forsaken for the anticipated rejoicings in the Elm Meadow.

She had no difficulty in finding St. Nicholas's Church — the old parish church of the town — and in striking upon the lane beyond the churchyard. But in consideration that the lane had the high park wall on the one hand, and an equally high hawthorn hedge on the other, and lay deep in the shadow, Pleasance not only feared that the September dusk would find her there, but doubted that she would have nothing save her walk for her pains. As far as she had gone for the first five minutes, she could only see the grass getting a darker and darker green beneath her feet, and the sky changing from blue to purple over her head. She could not conceive how, with such barriers on each hand, her prospect could be extended.

But just as she had brought herself to say she must give up the foolish quest, she saw that the park wall and the hedge before her gave way on the right hand and

on the left to the low parapet, ivy-hung, of an old bridge. The green-garlanded arch, with the brown water stealing through below, presenting an agreeable feature, varying the park scenery as viewed from the great house beyond, was doubtless one of the reasons why the lane itself had been allowed to remain.

When Pleasance stood on the picturesque old cow-bridge over Burnham Brook, the park with its clumps of magnificent timber stretched before her under the lingering radiance—all the more impressive because of the sombreness of the lane—of this loveliest September sunset. It retained an after-glow made up of the precious "dust" of the sunk sunbeams, and the slight mist which came between her dazzled eyes and the glory, bathing and softening the undulating lines of the trees, and the sweep of the grassy openings.

The pile of the house, appearing so close to her as to startle her for a moment, was very similar in Pleasance's unsophisticated eyes, which knew little of architecture save what she had drawn from her haunt in Stone Cross Cathedral, to any other large, handsome building the size of which makes it imposing. She could not see, and could not very well have appreciated, the gateway and portico, which were not incongruous excrescences, as they are in most instances, but were fine integral portions of the older wing of the house, constituting Mr. Woodcock's chief pride in the mansion as a man of enlightened taste. Of the winter garden, of which every lady made so much, and of which Pleasance had heard in a former stage of her existence, when she had little guessed its history, she could see merely the towers and cupolas still reflecting the sunlight, but only giving her a vague hint of the fairy world within.

Yet, with all its deficiencies, the glimpse of Shardleigh under that wonderful mellow light, which would have transformed the meanest, most barren prospect of a wretched quarter of a great town, or a bleak chalk down, or a black peat moss, into a place almost fair, almost invested with interest, for the moment, ravished Pleasance's soul with its rich and stately beauty.

She stood leaning against the parapet of the bridge, and looking her heart out. As she looked there came back upon her in a flood the same impression with which she had gazed in the early morning, in London, on the house in Grosvenor Place—that very sense of incongruity with which Mr. Woodcock had recalled Shard-

leigh when he was on his way to find Archie Douglas's wife at the carrier's inn in the side street, near the Shoreditch Station. Pleasance was perfectly aware that she had changed since the time—a few months ago—when she had thought a London cab a fine carriage, and been at home in the Yorkshire Grey. She had not forgotten that in the interval she had become an heiress worthy of the name even in sight of Shardleigh, and who could, if she chose, provide herself with a home almost as fair, refined, and exclusive as this home. But the rearing and experience of many years came back upon her, in a rush, at this moment, and were all the more irresistible since during the whole previous day she had been thinking and dreaming of Archie Douglas as Joel Wray in the surroundings in which she had so quickly learned to know and love him, at the wheat-hoeing and on the harvest-field, on the beach at Cheam, in the old manor-house room—rustic places, with their homely figures, widely removed from this scene, so noble in its repose, that it did not seem unmeet that a prince had been a guest there that day.

While Pleasance stood on the bridge and noted that bright lights were springing up in the house, she was so near it that the sound of a window being opened, drew her attention to the terrace which she had overlooked. It lay before the long French windows, just lit, which Pleasance had judged rightly belonged to a drawing-room, and had flights of steps leading to a lower terrace, and thence to a flower-garden, which was almost entirely out of Pleasance's scope of vision.

The window opened was one of the drawing-room windows reaching to the floor, and out of it—relieved against the light background, taking Pleasance's breath away with consternation for the instant, and causing her to draw back in the utmost agitation and alarm within the shadow of the park wall—came a lady and a gentleman. The gentleman, as Pleasance knew in a second through the gathering dusk, was Archie Douglas, no longer watching by the bed of his friend in the farmhouse three miles off, and the lady, Pleasance guessed by the flaxen hair flowing loose over her shoulders and white gown, must be his sister.

For a moment of acute distress Pleasance labored under the delusion that she must be seen and recognized, even as she saw and recognized the figures before her. When she recovered and knew herself safe, she gave herself up to one long, ar-

dent gaze at the man she had loved and wedded, whom she had not seen for months, whom she had thought to see that morning stretched lifeless, or sighing out his life before her. But Pleasance had never seen Archie Douglas look as he appeared then, not even in the last encounter at a fashionable hour in a fashionable park.

As if in an echo of Pleasance's conviction of the gulf which divided them, he came out on the terrace in the magnificent scarlet and gold uniform of the officer of a yeomanry regiment, which he had put on when he hastily joined the review, in order to escort the prince to Shardleigh. The dress, though fantastic in Pleasance's eyes, enhanced as she could not have believed it was in the power of dress to set off the natural elegance of Archie Douglas's figure and the comeliness of his prepossessing face.

Jane Douglas also was not in her ordinary evening dress of simple white muslin. An impromptu garden-party had been assembled at Shardleigh as soon as the prince's intentions were known, and Jane retained its demi-toilette, in which Pleasance could distinguish the gossamer fall of lace, and the gleam, against the light within, of gold and jewels at the throat, the bosom, and the wrists. A third member of the party who had followed the others to the window and stood there, had a costly Indian shawl drawn round her figure, slight and graceful as a girl's, and showed the same flashes and points of light, where the setting of a locket, the eyes of a serpent bracelet, the stones of a cross, came out on the black and white of her dress.

The family party were alone after the dispersal of their guests, including the chief. The honor and the fatigue were alike over, and the mother, son, and daughter were left by themselves, not too exhausted, to indulge in natural satisfaction, and compare notes on the occurrences of the day. Added to this welcome conclusion, there was in the Douglasses' case the increase of a very lively sense of relief from a recent burden of anxiety and sympathetic distress. The temporary effect of these combined influences on an impressionable young fellow like Archie Douglas, was to render him for the hour in exuberant spirits. Pleasance, standing not so far off, on the bridge, in the lane, could hear the gay voices and laughter, with Archie's rising pre-eminent. She could see the two younger figures flitting in their freedom and gladness backwards

and forwards, with Archie's arm drawn through his sister's in place of hers drawn through his, to hold her by his side, and the two contrasted heads, dark and fair, in closest confidential contact, as their two owners pursued their merry stroll. It did not seem that anything or anybody was wanting to the group. How could there be, especially when the one who had voluntarily excluded herself, and who stood unsuspected, looking into paradise, was only Pleasance? What could she have in common with the young fellow before her — a great one of the earth in his peacock plumage? Was he indeed the same footsore reaper to whose primitive wants she had once ministered? If he had been what he had seemed, she might have served him in a thousand ways, and proved his best friend; as it was, she was right that he had no need of her; she would have been at the best a tolerated intruder, a wearisome drag on him and his friends.

A sharp pang went through her heart as she told herself this, and added that her own eyes saw and testified to the ultimate wisdom and integrity of her course. But she had been accustomed to think of Archie Douglas as still remembering and regretting her, however foolishly. True, he had been in the animation of pleasant, social intercourse when she had met him riding with his sister and Rica Wyndham in the Park; but his tone had changed instantaneously at the sight of her; in their interview after he had acknowledged her as his wife, he had shown himself full of restless pain and misery. Mr. Woodcock had always talked of him as of a man disappointed, dissatisfied with his abundance of good things.

Altogether it was a great blow which struck to Pleasance's heart to see Archie Douglas the happiest of the happy. She did not pause to inquire whether she had any right to resent it.

But her heart spoke out more truly in its inconsistent cry, "You are cruel, Archie Douglas — you whom I thought so kind, cruel and heartless, you are like the rich man who took the ewe lamb. You sought me with a false pretence; and now, though our lives are sundered, you can be as happy as if you had never known of my existence: it is as if you chose the time when I had flown to you in what I held to be your extremity, to show me that you never knew what love meant. You have made me lose my love Joel, as well as my husband Archie Douglas. I have wasted my whole heart upon a dream."

The glow in the western sky paled,

faded, and darkened; Shardleigh park and house paled and darkened with the sky; the first star came out, and the dews began to fall.

The mother within tapped on her children, who obeyed the summons reluctantly.

The mute shadow watching all, stole back through the silent lane to the inn.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

COLONEL BARRE AND HIS TIMES.

THE "Life of Lord Shelburne," by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, of which the concluding volume has just made its appearance, has brought the latter end of the eighteenth century so prominently before the public that no apology is necessary for offering a slight sketch of one of Lord Shelburne's greatest friends—Colonel Barré. In framing the following article much of the material has necessarily been drawn from the same sources with those of Lord Shelburne's "Life." The "Grenville Correspondence," the "Bedford Correspondence," the "Chatham Correspondence," Walpole's works, the "Life of Lord Rockingham," Bancroft's "History of America," the Parliamentary debates, and numerous other books and pamphlets bearing upon the history of the time have been consulted. The passages relating to the communications which passed between Pitt and Bute are taken from the unpublished MS. of Sir Gilbert Elliot, who was on a confidential footing with both Pitt and Bute. What occurred on these occasions curiously evinces how little Bute's professions were to be relied on. We may now turn to our narrative.

Isaac Barré was born in Dublin in 1726. His father, Peter Barré, and his mother, Miss Raboteau, were both natives of the district of Rochelle, and both had fled before that tempest of persecution which in 1685 completed the annihilation of French Protestantism. When the Edict of Nantes was revoked, when fertile districts and populous towns were converted into deserts, when oppressions equally cruel with and much less defensible than those of Titelmann or Torquemada had turned Languedoc into a waste, and had driven its wretched inhabitants to find a friendly shelter in the caves of the Pyrenees or the thickets of the Ardennes, they, with many of their unfortunate countrymen, took refuge in Ireland.

The escape of Miss Raboteau was not

made without difficulty. Heavy penalties were placed upon emigration. Ships of war guarded the coast. Troops patrolled the frontier, and chains and the galleys were reserved for the fugitive. Miss Raboteau, in her home near Rochelle, was offered the alternative of marrying a Catholic gentleman for whom she did not care, or of lifelong devotion to a religion which she detested. There was only one means of escape. Her uncle, who had some time before settled in Dublin as a merchant, was in the habit of paying occasional trading visits in his own vessel to Rochelle. His niece informed him of her miserable plight, and implored his assistance. He concealed her in Rochelle till the time for embarkation drew nigh, and then, placing her in an empty cask, transported her on board his ship. In Dublin, whither he carried her, she married Peter Barré.

Little is known of the early life of the Barrés. From the nature of their exile it is probable they were poor. It is stated that through the patronage of the Bishop of Clogher, whose child Mrs. Barré had nursed, they were established in a small grocer's shop; but this account must be accepted with reserve, as it was made many years afterwards, when Barré's first appearance on the political stage and his celebrated attack on Pitt might incline people to exaggerate his insignificance for the purpose of heightening his audacity.

If Barré's parents were poor, their means were at all events sufficient to afford their son a good education. He was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, where he became a scholar, and graduated in 1745. The bar was the profession selected for him by his parents. Garrick, charmed with displays of his acting, recommended the stage, and coupled the proposition with the liberal offer of a thousand a year. Barré himself chose the army. The war of the Austrian succession was then raging on the Continent. As far as the English contingent was concerned, it had been carried on with uniform want of success. Dissensions in the camp had already threatened the existence of the army. Divisions in the cabinet precluded any hope that these dissensions would ever be entirely healed. But Barré's nature was both ardent and sanguine, and he probably looked upon a military career as the quickest road to fame. In 1746 he received his commission as an ensign in the 32nd regiment, then stationed in Flanders.

The profession which Barré thus em-

braced, and of which he was destined for many years to remain an active but undistinguished member, was, during the middle of the last century, at its worst period. Political corruption had sapped every branch and every rank of the service. Commissions, promotions, favors, were placed in one great mart, and sold to the highest political bidder. The discipline of the army was sacrificed to the discipline of the House of Commons. For a young man like Barré, without means and without connections, to enter the army was simply to doom himself to years of mortification and disappointment.

The internal condition of the army was no better than its administration. Barré, like Wolfe, must often have abhorred the society into which he was cast. To the favored few indeed many rewards were offered. There were perquisites the very names of which are now almost forgotten. There was nearly complete immunity from service. Many officers spent more time at Ranelagh than they did with their regiments. But to Barré, and men like Barré, who had no favors to receive, the army presented a very different aspect. They had no society but that of their brother officers; no reward but in the efficiency of their regiments. There was little in the officer of that day to recommend him. He was badly educated, very often profligate. He was the butt of satirists. Sometimes he was a schoolboy, who staggered under the weight of his cockade, sometimes a shopman, attempting a military bluster. As for the discipline of the men, nothing could be worse. In the "March of the Guards to Finchley," Hogarth has presented to us the wildest scene of confusion and licentiousness.

To a young and aspiring man like Barré the first charms of such a profession must soon have yielded to a bitter sense of mortification. Crushed by the wealth of more fortunate comrades, with neither influence to command favor nor means to purchase it, his future prospects must have appeared most disheartening. It is true that many of the statesmen of that and of a later time — Henry Pelham, Conway, Shelburne, the great Pitt himself — were, or had been, soldiers, but these men were all favored by political connection, and of political connection Barré was entirely destitute.

After protracted negotiations the war was concluded in 1748 by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and with it disappeared Barré's chance of snatching fame from any fortunate exploit. For nine years we now

lose sight of him. We know that he spent part of that time with his regiment in Scotland and at Gibraltar, but of his manner of life we are entirely ignorant. Walpole asserts that he employed the intervals of duty in assiduous study, and it is likely enough that this was the case, as no man could have acquired such a mastery of speaking, unless he had studied literature carefully, and cultivated the art of composition. It is not till 1757 that, as a volunteer in Wolfe's regiment, on the expedition against Rochefort, he again comes prominently before the eye.

The years which followed the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle supplied many proofs that it would not endure. British India was attacked by Duplex. The American colonies were threatened by M. la Jonquière. Large forces of soldiers and sailors were collected by the French government. England regarded these signs with alarm. In 1754 Pelham died. Newcastle excluded Pitt from the administration. War with France broke out. Alarm became converted into a panic. The people trusted Pitt as much as they distrusted Newcastle. They determined to support Pitt. The history of the short but violent struggle which ensued is well known: how the king wavered, how Newcastle cringed, how Pitt, at first inexorable, at length bent, and how Fox, omitting to calculate what had hardly before entered into the calculations of a minister, the power of public opinion, sank into a humble place-man.

Pitt was the man who personified this revolution in popular power. The hope, the force, and the enterprise of the nation looked to him for support. Pitt, and only Pitt, could save the country from what, to a people conscious of its own strength and its own resources, must have seemed a living death. While Newcastle was minister the most heroic efforts could be attended but by greater failure; while his placemen filled the offices the most lavish grants would but accumulate their illicit treasure. The voice of virtue, which Pitt alone had raised, and which died without an echo on the level wilderness of official corruption, had found an answer in the hearts of the people. In June, 1757, he became to all intents and purposes prime minister.

Pitt at once proceeded to take vigorous measures against France. First of all he organized an expedition against Rochefort. As has already been said, Barré was attached to it in the capacity of a volunteer. The expedition terminated ingloriously;

but it marks the turning-point in Barré's life. The two men who did more for him than anybody else in the world were attached to the same regiment. Wolfe rescued him from obscurity after he had lingered a subaltern for eleven years. Shelburne in after life brought him into Parliament, and became his patron and friend.

Wolfe was the only officer whose conduct at Rochefort had made him conspicuous. Pitt, with his wonderful insight into character, selected him in the following year to accompany General Amherst as brigadier in the expedition against Cape Breton. By the influence of Wolfe, Barré was also appointed to the same expedition as major of brigade, though Wolfe himself states that at that time he hardly knew Barré by sight, or had spoken ten words to him. Early in June the English fleet appeared off Louisburg. Louisburg was perhaps the most important French stronghold in America. It stood like a sentinel in the Atlantic to guard the maritime road to Canada, and was the first and strongest link of that chain of fortresses which had been destined to bind the rugged shores of the St. Lawrence with the sunny and fruitful regions of the Mississippi. But the glory of France in America was setting, the days of her ambition were departed, and dreams of conquest and empire had passed into realities of bitterness and humiliation. A few forts, a few towns, a few citadels still acknowledged her sovereignty, but these, which had once been the guardians of her prosperity, were now left the fragments of her decay. Louisburg was doomed. Nothing could save it; neither the fogs which shrouded it, nor the iron barrier of rugged rocks which encircled it, nor the wall of felled pine-trees which hedged in the shore, and through whose branches the defenders poured a murderous fire. Nature and art failed to afford it protection, and Louisburg was compelled to capitulate.

Fortune had destined that Barré should be a participator in the final subjugation of Canada. The capture of Louisburg was the first step towards its accomplishment, the second was the attack upon Quebec. In 1759 the expedition under Wolfe was organized. Barré's abilities had from the very first commanded the respect of Wolfe. Common dangers and common successes had probably won his regard. Barré was appointed to the expedition. The post of adjutant-general was conferred upon him, with the rank of captain in the army. In June the fleet sailed into the St. Lawrence under French colors. Great was the ex-

ultation of the Canadians on beholding the friendly ensign. The discovery of the deception overwhelmed them with grief. The whole province was in consternation. The zeal of religion, the fervor of patriotism, the ferocity of the savage, and the valor of a few veteran troops were arrayed under Montcalm to defend an impregnable city. The difficulties of the English appeared insurmountable. The charts of the St. Lawrence were imperfect; its shoals intricate; its storms destructive; its rapid current floated down fireships on the fleet. At length, when every effort had been baffled, when the lines of the enemy seemed impenetrable, when Wolfe in his despondency had prepared the government for impending failure, triumph rose from the shadows of disaster. After a lapse of more than a hundred years the memory of the exploit is not dimmed. Once more we behold the busy but noiseless embarkation; again we feel the breathless silence which reigns over the dark river; again we see the intrepid ascent of its lofty and rocky bank; and we again hear the thunder of the volley which, while it decided the fate of the battle, rang over the grave of the French empire in America.

The battle of Quebec was unfortunate for Barré. A severe wound in his cheek injured his sight, and the death of Wolfe withdrew the protection of a friend and patron. He wrote to Pitt, but Pitt seldom favored such applications for promotion or office. The answer was unsatisfactory, and Barré was once more compelled to lean upon his friends. In September, 1760, Amherst sent him home with despatches notifying the capture of Montreal. With his return to England commenced a new epoch in his life. On the field of Quebec he had lost his greatest friend. With Pitt's reply his hopes of promotion had vanished. He was now to find in Lord Fitzmaurice a more powerful patron, and in Parliament a wider field for his ambition.

Walpole says that it was the custom of Lord Fitzmaurice to collect a knot of young orators at his house, and that Barré, who formed one of the band, soon overtopped the others. However this may be, Lord Fitzmaurice, on succeeding to his father, Lord Shelburne, in 1761, nominated Barré to the vacant family borough of Wycombe.

When Barré took his seat in the House of Commons, the strong ministry of Pitt had at length fallen. Little more than a year before, its unanimity and its concord

had appeared complete. The king seemed hale and hearty, and everything portended a prolonged administration. But fortune had decreed that Pitt's glory as a minister should be eclipsed at the moment of culmination.

Machiavelli, in tracing the history of Florence, describes how happiness and ruin swept in waves over the city; how war bred peace, and how repose engendered strife. In the same way, the unanimity of Pitt's government contained the seeds of its own destruction. The paramount ascendancy of Pitt's will could alone produce harmony; and Pitt's will, while it ruled despotically, excited the jealousy and the fear of his colleagues. The first stroke of misfortune was the death of George II., the commencement of Pitt's decline the council held by George III. on the day of his father's decease. The council continued to sit during the whole day, and it was not till seven o'clock in the evening that its members, harassed with anxiety, and weary of conjectures for the future, were permitted to adjourn. Late as was the hour, Bute at once demanded an interview with Pitt. A few months before he had employed Elliot, then at the Board of Admiralty, to effect an interview with Pitt for the purpose, as he expressed it, of renewing that fraternal union which had once existed between them. To this request Pitt had, in a conversation with Elliot, returned a positive, and a not very courteous, refusal. Bute desired to be at the head of the treasury, though in the capacity of a cipher; Pitt would not listen to such a proposal. He believed Bute's character to be imperious and grasping; he suspected him of a desire to meddle with the war, and he declared he would permit not the color, not the shadow of a change in its conduct. If he was not to direct, he would retire; he would not be rid with a check-rein. He concluded with the following words: "By distrusting his friends, he will become dependent on his enemies. I will make way for his greatness — I will assist it — only I cannot make part of it."

In the conversation on the evening of the death of George II. Bute reminded Pitt of this former overture. Great changes had occurred, but he was still, he said, ready to stretch out the hand of friendship. He assured him that he had laid aside all thoughts of being first lord of the treasury — that he meant to be a private man by the side of the king, and that he approved of the system of the war. Pitt thanked Bute for his expressions of friend-

ship, but said he must distinguish between a public and a private friendship; the latter was a virtue, the former was often faction and cabal. He must remain completely independent. His politics, like his religion, would admit of no accommodation. If only the country were saved, he would agree with Bute in wishing to retire. "The only difference between them," he said, "was that his lordship would practice his philosophy in a court, he in a village." So the two rivals parted: Pitt to continue for a little longer his high career of inflexible command — Bute to plot, to undermine, and to divide the government.

The first blow fell upon Legge, the chancellor of the exchequer. Legge was a good man of business. His speeches were pointed and concise. He is described on one occasion as the only man in the House who seemed to have learned his troy weight — no very great compliment to other members. In 1756 he had thrown up his office in the government to join Pitt, and had shared with Pitt the shower of gold boxes which had rewarded their zeal. He had, however, offended the king, when Prince of Wales, by not supporting a political enemy at a Hampshire election; consequently in March, 1761, he was dismissed. His future life, he said to the king, would show his zeal. "Nothing but your future life," replied the monarch, "can eradicate the bad impression I have received of you."

The next to fall was Holderness. Holderness had originally been brought into office by Newcastle. Newcastle described him as taciturn, dexterous enough, and most punctual in the execution of his orders. He was in reality a dull man of fashion, who had married a Dutch bride, who gave splendid *fêtes*, who, in conjunction with Lord Middlesex, had at one time managed the opera, and who now late in life was still struggling for the garter. Pitt had placed him in the cabinet as a cipher. He had been a cipher for nearly twenty years, and it might have been supposed had become used to his trade. Now, for the first time, he resented being passed over, and offered Bute to procure his own resignation by quarrelling with his colleagues. When a convenient moment presented itself, Holderness was dismissed, and exchanged his office for a rich sinecure. Bute succeeded to the seals.

While these changes affected the outer appearance of the government, the discord within it was fast producing rupture. Bedford had early in the year resigned the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland in consequence

of some difficulties upon which he and Pitt had taken different views. Bedford, though a violent and a headstrong man, was also a courageous one, and well knew how to prize the same quality in another. He seems to have had a real admiration for Pitt's character, but the flame of dissension was carefully fanned by Rigby, and the negotiations with France finally raised an insurmountable barrier between the two statesmen. He therefore joined in an alliance with Bute.

George Grenville was another malcontent. He, too, hated the war. He had never cordially liked Pitt. For years he thought that his own services had been disregarded. As long ago as the time of Pelham, he had stated his grievances to Pitt, and Pitt had ignored them. Pitt, he said, had brought division and unhappiness into his family, and he seemed even to look upon Pitt's marriage to his sister as an injury to himself. Bute carefully cultivated the friendship of Grenville. He made him a cabinet minister, and hinted at future favors. Of the remainder of the council, Grenville had never been a friend of Pitt, and Newcastle, timid and fickle, at heart desired peace, and was at all times ready to sacrifice his friends to himself.

The rupture with Spain brought matters to a crisis. Pitt joined issue with his colleagues on the simple question of peace or war. He was beaten, and with Temple at once resigned.

Bute's authority in the cabinet was now absolute, but it was necessary that arrangements should be made for the approaching session. Parliament would meet in less than a month. The government had not a single speaker in the House of Commons upon whom it could rely. There was literally nobody who would venture to withstand the eloquence and invective of Pitt, now driven into opposition, and the recollection of Pitt in opposition, his scorn, his satire, and his vehemence, still rankled in the mind of many a victim. Bute had expected much of George Grenville. A message was sent to hurry him from Wotton. Every flattery was blandished upon him. He was offered the seals of the secretary and the leadership of the House of Commons. He must not think of the speakership. He was far too valuable a servant to the king to be allowed to retire from active politics. He was to receive all the support that the authority of the crown could bestow. His honor was to be the king's honor, his disgrace to be the king's disgrace. Only one condition was

imposed upon him. He was never to mention the name of Fox. Grenville for the moment refused the seals, but accepted the leadership of the House of Commons. The union was scarcely complete before it began slowly, though surely, to dissolve. In fact Grenville was not a man who ever could work satisfactorily with others. He had a very high notion of his own capacity; he was very sensitive; and he was very domineering. He soon showed symptoms of jealousy both of Fox and of Bute; and his sensitiveness was wounded in its tenderest part by Temple, who ordered his hall-porter to close the door in his face, and who rudely turned his back upon him at the Privy Council.

Before the meeting of Parliament the adhesion of another powerful supporter was secured. This, extraordinary as it may appear after Bute's conversation with Grenville, was no other than Fox. His venal services were now purchased upon the promise of a peerage at an early date to his wife, Lady Caroline.

The negotiations with Fox had been conducted by Barré's patron, the young Lord Shelburne. Shelburne was then perhaps the most sincere friend whom Bute possessed. He was seriously convinced of the necessity of peace, and was much more consistent than Bute in its pursuit. He was only in his twenty-fourth year, but had already given signs of ability, and had expressed a desire for political employment. With the intolerance of youth, he could see nothing in anybody else's opinions but his own. Rigby, who, whatever his other merits were, could not boast of a high political morality, contemptuously observed that Shelburne seemed to think that virtue was confined to himself and his friends; and Fox, likewise, admonished him that there was more honesty in the world than he gave it credit for. The sneers of Rigby and the lectures of Fox give us the most reasonable assurance of the sincerity of Shelburne. In the impending struggle he was prepared to throw his whole weight into the scale of the government.

Such was the condition of parties when Barré took his seat in the House of Commons. Much was expected during the session. Scarcely ever had matters of greater importance been placed before Parliament. The defence of an old war, the reasons against a new one, were to be debated with all the acrimony which broken party faith and broken family ties could inspire. In the Commons the government was supported by a large major-

ity, but it was for the most part a timid and dull herd. Pitt's eloquence awed them. His sarcasm scared them. Not one dared to enter the lists against him. Before the Christmas recess Barré had broken the spell. He had overwhelmed Pitt's person with abuse and his measures with reproach. He was a profligate minister, the execration of the people of England. "There he would stand, turning up his eyes to heaven, that witnessed his perjuries, and laying his hand in a solemn manner on the table—that sacrilegious hand, that had been employed in tearing out the bowels of his mother country." Pitt maintained a haughty but discreet silence. He, at all events, was not the man to cast the first stone. Perhaps his mind wandered back through the memories of high twenty years. He may have recollected the same grave assembly convulsed by an angry and acrimonious debate. The shadows of faces now passed away may again have surrounded him; and the voice of Sandys imploring him to spare the rank and authority of Carteret may have once more rung in his ears. This speech was applauded by Fox and by Rigby, but the House was disgusted. It was too savage for the bitterest partisan. On its conclusion Barré was seen to eat a biscuit. "Does it eat biscuit?" said Charles Townshend, "I thought it ate nothing but raw flesh." The court alone was pleased.

Horace Walpole was a witness of this curious scene. As he approached the House of Commons the tones of a new voice struck upon his ear, as he passed the door the figure of a new speaker fell upon his eye. The House which for the last few years had scarcely ventured on a great debate, and which Pitt had tamed into such absolute submission, that, as Walpole himself had once remarked, a no was as likely to be heard from the House of Commons as from an old woman, presented a scene of the most violent confusion. Walpole describes Barré as a black, robust, middle-aged man, of a military figure; a bullet, lodged loosely in his cheek, had distorted his face, and had imparted a savage glare to one eye; but unprepossessing as was his appearance, Walpole admits that his diction was both classic and eloquent. The harsh chord which Barré first struck never ceased to vibrate. Through his Parliamentary career his speeches were marked by remorseless severity. Could anything have instilled a drop of mercy into his gall, it would have been the amiability of Lord North, sur-

rounded as he was by the most unprecedented difficulties. But Lord North experienced no compassion. He was a wretch, a corrupter, a sycophant. Nothing but his head would expiate his iniquities. While these tirades were going on, Lord North probably slumbered peacefully as long as he could, but when he was compelled to answer he did so with a degree of good sense and self-command that must ever do honor to his disposition.

The pre-eminence of Barré as a speaker was due principally to his extraordinary power of invective, but it would be a great injustice to suppose that there was nothing but invective in his speeches. On the contrary, some of them abound with wise maxims and good, sound common sense. He was generally on what we should call the constitutional side, and as the great constitutional questions of that day have all been settled in his favor, it is naturally difficult for us to help being struck by his arguments. But Barré does not deserve our unqualified approbation. He was essentially a party man. He spoke *for* his party, and he voted *with* his party. Walpole called him a bravo, and nothing can so well illustrate the dependence of his position as the fact, that clever and eloquent as he was, the first trace we find of his making an original motion was in 1778, seventeen years after he entered Parliament. He was one of those mercenaries of the great political leaders of last century, who after a tumultuous life of Parliamentary conflict were content to retire into oblivion upon a pension, men of vast abilities and too often of low morality, who flamed across the political heavens like meteors, and whose brilliant track, already beginning to fade in the lapse of time, alone remains to mark their former splendor.

Thus Barré found himself fighting the battles of the people, and his eloquence was of a sort peculiarly adapted to such warfare. It was of an aggressive character. It is doubtful whether as a ministerial speaker he would ever have risen to any eminence. His mind was fired by all the lofty principles which a popular opposition, whether rightly or wrongly, seems always to inspire. He was the champion of resistance in every form; of mobs against soldiers; of the people against the Parliament; of the Parliament against the crown. The corporation of London denied the privileges of the House of Commons; he recommended concession. The American colonies rose in rebellion against England; he coun-

selling compliance. His speeches abound with appeals to the moral sympathies. Virtue is eulogized; tyranny, corruption, and fraud meet with proper reprobation. Such themes can never be exhausted, and are always popular. It is doubtful whether his eloquence, stripped of such spangles as these, would ever have shone so brilliantly before the world. But Barré was not always so fortunate as to charm the House with his language, or to terrify it with his invective. He was an Irishman, and his French extraction was unable to save him from the penalties of an Irish birth. On one fatal occasion, when he was speaking on the subject of America, he declared, in stentorian tones, "I think Boston ought to be punished; she is your eldest son." The House, which he had oftener driven to tears than to mirth, naturally exploded into a roar of laughter.

For some time after his first display in the House of Commons, Barré does not seem to have been a frequent speaker. A second attack on Pitt in the following year received the most marked disapproval, and his voice was almost drowned by the shuffling, talking, and coughing of his audience. In all probability this was the last act of hostility which Barré displayed towards Pitt, as a rapid change in the relations of parties was soon to effect a union that remained unaltered till death.

In May, 1762, the poor old Duke of Newcastle was driven from office. He fell without a word of sympathy. At an age when friends are most needed, he had to retire from a friendless government to a friendless opposition. His levee, once crowded with clients and timeservers, was empty and deserted. The days of his active government with Pelham, the days of his intrigues with Fox, the days of his brilliant subjection to Pitt, were gone—gone, never to return. At all events, he was an old servant of the crown; the king might at least have said one gracious word to him to soften his fall; but the king sent him from the closet with a cold dismissal.

Bute succeeded Newcastle as first lord of the treasury, and George Grenville became secretary of state. The government had no cohesion. Bedford was sent to Paris to negotiate a peace, but Bedford, the ambassador, and Egremont, the secretary, were soon at daggers drawn. Grenville supported Egremont, but Grenville's own position was not secure. He was at an assembly at Egremont's house, when a message arrived

from Bute to tell him that Fox was designed for the leadership of the House of Commons. It was in vain that Grenville appealed to the king, and reminded him of his former promises, and of his long-declared enmity to Fox. The king was firm. Bad men, he said, must be called upon to govern bad men; and Grenville, with feelings of anger, was compelled to surrender the lead of the House of Commons, and to exchange the office of the secretary of state for the Admiralty. The conclusion of peace withdrew the one great bond that had hitherto attached the ministers.

Early in 1763 the position of Bute was most embarrassing. Fox, his ablest supporter, hated in the House of Commons, and in wretched health, attempted to draw towards his old friends, the Dukes of Devonshire and Cumberland; and Bedford, though still in Paris, was inclined to lean to the friendship of Pitt. Bute's own fears accelerated his fall. He had ventured to impose an unpopular tax. The city of London remonstrated, mobs were apprehended, and Bute had already suffered too much violence at the hands of the people not to dread a personal encounter. He resigned, and having recommended George Grenville as his successor, withdrew to drink the waters of Harrogate.

In the new government the claims of Barré were not overlooked. He became adjutant-general to the British forces, and soon afterwards governor of Stirling Castle. These appointments produced about 4,000*l.* a year. His patron, Shelburne, at the same time became president of the Board of Trade.

No government ever bore such a crop of disasters as that of Grenville's. Unsettled points of law, the rights of the House of Commons, the rights of the colonies, all those questions which for years to come jeopardized the peace of the kingdom at home, and abroad carried bloodshed and devastation through many a blooming province, now stalked on to the dreary stage of politics. One of the first acts of the administration was the prosecution of Wilkes. The elements of discontent had for some time been floating in the atmosphere. The unpopularity of Bute, the parsimony of the king, the scandals concerning the princess dowager, were both causes and indications of popular dissatisfaction, but as yet there had been no tangible question upon which public opposition could, with any plausibility, unite. The prosecution of Wilkes and the

legality of general warrants supplied the want. In the reign of James I. Floyd had been sentenced to be whipped at the cart's-tail from the Fleet to Westminster Hall, and to a lifelong imprisonment for a few trivial words. Not so many years before a writer had stood in the pillory for a smaller offence than that of Wilkes; yet that severe sentence did not provoke one tenth part of the abuse that was now showered upon the government. General warrants were no novelty. Many who raged most loudly against them, and against Halifax, had seen them a few years before employed by a great minister without a murmur. The cause of a libeller was now and for some years to come the cause of the more liberal party of politicians. Shelburne was one of those who at once perceived that the government, whatever excuses might at first be made for it, was proceeding upon a policy both despotic and unwise. He found, too, his own sphere of action reduced into smaller limits than he had expected. He had looked to establish a control over the colonies as independent as that of Halifax or of Townshend had been. But he was disappointed. Egremont was not prepared to yield the authority of the secretary, and Shelburne, feeling dissatisfied with his position as a minister, and strongly objecting to the general policy of the government, began to turn his eyes to Pitt.

It is unnecessary to go at length into the intricate detail of the negotiations which occurred in the summer between the king, Bedford, Shelburne, and Pitt. How Bedford, mindful of the slights he had received at Paris, was inclined to coalesce with Pitt; how he was led to believe that Pitt was prepared to act with him; how he persuaded the king, who had over and over again said he would never receive Pitt into his service again, to send for him; how, when Pitt arrived, he refused to share his power with Bedford; and how, after the death of Egremont, Bedford, in disgust, joined the government, and Shelburne resigned his office and went into opposition, are facts that need not be more than mentioned here. When Parliament opened in November, 1763, Shelburne, carrying Barré with him, had entered into a close, and, as it proved, a lasting, alliance with Pitt.

Wilkes' privilege almost at once occupied the attention of Parliament. Shelburne in the House of Lords, and Barré and Conway in the House of Commons, voted against the government. To the king, who considered that officers of the

army were also politically servants of the crown, the offence was unpardonable. He determined on making an example. The high rank and court favor of Conway saved him for the moment, but both Barré and Shelburne were dismissed from their military commands.

There is no act in the reign of George III. which is so difficult to excuse as the dismissal of officers for their votes in Parliament. It clearly shows either that the king completely misunderstood the English Constitution, or that he deliberately intended to destroy it. Even in those days, when political purity was at its lowest ebb, when boroughs were put up for sale, and when the votes of members were bought by scores, there was yet a certain veil drawn over the infamy of the corruption. The old theory of the Constitution was maintained. The constituencies were supposed to represent the people, the members were supposed to represent the constituencies, and the House of Commons was supposed to be a disinterested body of gentlemen deliberating for the good of the nation. This was a fiction, no doubt, but it was a very useful one, and went far to attach the people to the forms of a Constitution in itself excellent. If a Frenchman had told an Englishman in 1763 that he was governed by a dozen great lords and a few court favorites, he would have considered his nation insulted and the Frenchman a fool. But in fact, though this was not generally admitted, it was very nearly the case. It was left for George III. to say boldly what most Englishmen had shrunk from saying. He avowedly considered every member of the House of Commons who drew a public salary his own particular representative. In his own words, those who voted against the court had deserted him, and must be punished. The evil precedent of Lord Cobham, who was dismissed in 1733 for his vote against the Excise Bill, affords no exculpation. The dismissal of Cobham was the act of the minister, and unconstitutional and impolitic as such a dismissal was, it was still the act of a minister who could be ejected and impeached at the discretion of the majority. Even Rigby, who was no stickler for scruples when some advantage was to be obtained, expressed a strong hope, on the occasion of the Whig proscription by Fox, that military officers would not be included within its operation. Though Grenville must bear a portion of the blame, chiefly this arbitrary act emanated from the king.

During the session which followed the

dismissal of Barré, his reputation as a speaker rose rapidly higher and higher. The times were such as to afford great opportunities for a bold and clever man to earn distinction. The question of the legality of general warrants redivided parties, and offered opportunities for new alliances. Barré seized the occasion to evince his new attachment to Pitt, and to excuse his past conduct.

As Pitt gradually withdrew from the world, his place, to a certain extent, became filled by Barré. Barré had all the bitterness of invective and a great deal of the fire and declamation of the older statesman. He possessed the power of making himself feared, and he was feared. The brilliant but volatile Townshend felt the force of his strong will, and immediately paid him that respect which nothing but resolution and firmness could wring from his talents. The rank of Sandwich could not protect him. As he sat in the gallery of the House of Commons he heard himself compared to Nero, and retired to fresh intrigues with new-born feelings of astonishment; and North first learnt to dread the voice which in later years became the scourge of his own government. Before the ministry went out Barré had established his reputation as a great opposition speaker.

But before the resignation of Grenville many events of great importance occurred. Some of these, though they profoundly agitated the public mind at the time, are now almost forgotten. Others, in their birth regarded but with slender interest, were destined forever to change the history of England. The Regency Bill and the quarrels between the king and Grenville lived but a day. We look back and see in them nothing but indications of what men once thought, and how they once acted. The questions themselves are dead, and have no more connection with our living Constitution than the sapless branch has with the green tree. Out of the dispute with America arose a new and operative principle in the English Constitution, and with American independence the name of Barré is inseparably connected.

The peace of 1763 had made a great change in the condition of England in America. England had more than fulfilled the wildest schemes of French ambition. The burning sea of Mexico, the frozen shore of the Hudson's Bay, the steaming swamps and gloomy-headed palmetto forests of Florida, the sombre pine-woods of Canada, the prairies of the

Mississippi, and the rocks of the St. Lawrence—all were hers, and all acknowledged George III. as their king. So great an empire had never since the days of Rome been united under a single sceptre. How was this great territory, half subject, half ally to be governed? History afforded no example to guide the groping mind of the statesman. Athens had been president of a national league; she quickly assumed the authority of an imperial despot. The grant of free allies was soon regarded as the rent of tributaries, and the wealth of Delos crowned the Akropolis with temples of marble, whose broken columns still gaze upon the blue gulf and misty mountains of Attica. Rome afforded no examples. Her colonies were usually planted with a military object, and were like sons in a Roman family, unalterably subject. Spain had colonized. She had beaten and trampled down a subject race that her grandees might ride in coaches lacquered with gold, drawn by horses shod with silver. Gold was her object, and in exchange for gold she offered the ghostly advantages of the Inquisition. France, also, had colonies, but she too regarded them merely as a source of wealth, and in the reign of Lewis XV., when the country was prostrate under a bad government, they remained nearly the only source of wealth which existed.

The connection of the English colonies with the mother country was very peculiar, and embraced many of those inconsistencies between law and practice which are the result of great individual independence, and a general disposition to decentralization. The doctrine that the colonies in matters of commerce should be completely subordinate to the mother country was in 1765 as generally accepted in England as in France. It was not then perceived that advantages to the mother country could be obtained by any other system than one of strict colonial prohibition. The colonies were not to compete with English industries. They were to buy nothing except in the English market. They were to sell nothing except in the English market. This was the theory of the commercial system which bound together England and America. The law was in accordance with the theory. Customs were imposed at the ports. Vice-admiralty courts sat to try offences, and there was a nominal revenue collected as the fruits of the system. As the laws which in the reign of George II. made it felony to consult with an evil spirit, or to

feed a hobgoblin, or which in still later times inflicted the heaviest penalties upon Roman Catholics, would have led any one who judged of the condition of the people from the condition of the law to suppose that England was a nation sunk in superstition, or blinded by religious bigotry, so the same reader might suppose that America was trampled in the dust under the grinding tyranny of the trade laws. But the law was not the practice. High duties were imposed in the continental ports of America, but a large part of them were never paid. By law no tea might be sold in America except what had been exported from England. In fact the export of English tea to America declined, while the consumption of tea in America rapidly increased. Officers of customs were appointed to enforce the law; but everybody knew that what made the place of an officer of customs so lucrative to him was his connivance at its breach. In 1765, to collect a revenue in America of 2,000*l.*, cost England a sum of 8,000*l.* The time had clearly come for some change in the laws of trade, but this change was unfortunately connected with another and fatal circumstance. It was determined to tax America for the purpose of raising an army.

The defence of the colonies had always been a difficult question both in England and in America. Many years before the Stamp Act, England had declared that she would not bear the sole burthen of colonial defence. The jealousies of the colonies prevented a general combination, and might have proved their ruin, had not England cast out her broad shield as a shelter. The peace of Paris left England with an increased army and an increased debt. A portion of the army was for the defence of America, and this portion it was proposed that America should maintain. There were two methods of raising a revenue, either by decreasing the nominal amount of the custom duties, and by enforcing the collection of the residue, or by direct taxation. So long as the Americans acquiesced in the principle of the trade laws, they could have no reasonable objection to the first method, and as to the second, rash and impolitic as it was, it was certainly in accordance with the highest decisions of English law, and not inconsistent with the high notion held in those days of the power of a parent country over its colony.

Such was the state of affairs when, in the spring of 1765, the government introduced the Stamp Act. It hardly met with

any opposition. Shelburne was absent from the House of Lords, Pitt from the House of Commons. Barré was the single champion of any considerable mark that did battle for the colonies. In a speech, perhaps the best of his many fine speeches on America, he commenced a course of opposition which he consistently pursued to the termination of the war. Probably of his future speeches reported in Cobbett, a full quarter are on the subject of the colonies.

The Grenville administration only survived the passage of the Stamp Act by a few months. The king could tolerate the ministers no longer. They had unpardonably affronted him in the Regency Bill. Bedford was impertinent to him, Grenville lectured him till he cried. He sent for Pitt, but Pitt would not come without Temple. He sent for Lyttelton, but Lyttelton on his way to Hayes found Temple's carriage at Grenville's door, and despaired. Cumberland the mediator retired in disgust to Windsor. All at once the feeble administration of Rockingham rose tottering from the fragments of party. The Bedfords and the Grenvilles went into opposition. Temple was hostile, Pitt lukewarm. The government made overtures both to Shelburne and Barré. To Barré was offered rank in the army, or anything he liked added to the vice-treasurership, but the alliance between Pitt, Shelburne, and Barré was now firm, and the offers were refused.

When Parliament opened American difficulties were at a crisis. An English Parliament and an English nation had never listened to such accumulated insults as now assailed them. Not a year ago England had passed a measure which she believed she had a right to pass, and which she was convinced she had the power to enforce. "I laugh, sir, I laugh," said Pitt in one of his speeches on the repeal of the Stamp Act, "when it is said that this country cannot coerce America." The country was confident in her strength, rich in her resources, proud of her history. Her recent conquests over the greatest powers of Europe had placed her on the pinnacle of glory; her colonial possessions extended over the world; her fleets and her armies were to be found under every sun; one pitiful insult from France or Spain, and the sting of pride would have awoken her immense forces into instant retaliation. Yet what had England now to learn? That in two or three colonies, without a union, without an army, without a fleet, her governors had been chased for their

lives through the streets, that their houses had been sacked, that their papers had been scattered, that the vice-admiralty courts had been burnt, that the authority of Parliament had been openly set at defiance. Any other country in the world but England would have answered with fire and sword, but England sat down quietly to discuss the constitutional right of the Americans to tax themselves.

It was fortunate for the peace of the next few years that the Rockinghams were in office, or the difficulties with America might have been aggravated. Bedford and Grenville would not repeal the Stamp Act. Pitt evolved a scheme which few people in England could understand. Rockingham proposed a policy both comprehensible and effective. He repealed the Stamp Act as he repealed the Cider Tax. They did not work. But he asserted as strongly the right of Parliament to tax America as to tax Devonshire.

Barré, co-operating with Pitt and Shelburne, acted neither entirely with the government nor with the opposition. Pitt desired to assert only the legislative supremacy of England as distinct from the power of taxation. When therefore a resolution was proposed in the House of Commons that the king in Parliament had power to bind the people of America "in all cases whatsoever," Barré moved that "in all cases whatsoever" should be omitted. As has already been said the idea of a legislative supremacy only was not then thoroughly understood, and there is nothing in the course of after history to lead us to suppose that such a proposition, if carried, would have been attended with success.

The Stamp Act was repealed; and as for the moment it was the most transparent point of dissension, the intelligence was received in America with the loudest acclamations. Gaols were thrown open, church bells were rung, and at night illuminated figures of the king, Pitt, and Barré were displayed in Boston.

The news of the repeal of the Stamp Act had scarcely reached America before Barré was actually in the government. Lord Rockingham had found himself utterly unable to contend with the adverse fortune which beset him. Pitt refused to join him. The opposition was bitter and formidable. The king's friends sowed dissension in his camp. Nothing remained for him but to quit a post which force and treachery made untenable. He retired, and was succeeded by Pitt, now created Lord Chatham. In the new ar-

rangement Barré became vice-treasurer for Ireland, and a privy councillor, with his rank in the army restored to him. His patron, Shelburne, at the same time became secretary of state.

The prospects of Barré now seemed brilliant. He was in office under a great minister for whom the country had long been sighing. That minister was revolving in his mind vast schemes of foreign alliance, and of colonial reform, and Barré was certainly in point of ability, though not in rank, the ablest representative of the government in the House of Commons. It is natural to suppose that he expected to reap some of the glory of their accomplishment. But never was a bright dawn more quickly obscured. In a few months Chatham had disappeared. He still attempted from his retirement to direct the reform of the East India Company, but he did it in such a way as to cause the greatest embarrassment to his friends.

In the debates on India, Barré took a prominent part. He had long taken an interest in the business of India. A few years before, when Sullivan and Clive were striving for supremacy at the India House, it was generally believed that had Sullivan been successful, Barré would have gone to India instead of Clive. A bill was now brought in to regulate the affairs of the company. Burke and the Rockinghams loudly protested against the infringement of the charter, while Barré became the champion of Parliamentary control. The bill, if it fell short of what was originally intended, at all events decided the principle of Parliamentary interference.

On another point the opposition were more successful. They forced the government to reduce the land tax. Some equivalent for this loss was necessary. The opposition knew this well. They also knew that Townshend, the chancellor of the exchequer, had declared the practicability of raising a revenue in America. Dowdeswell and the Rockinghams, therefore, who had always resisted American taxation, might have predicted with great precision that the success of their motion would result in fresh American duties. It did so. A revenue act was passed, and all the ill-will, all the terror, all the sedition, which it was hoped had subsided forever, awoke in America with fresh violence.

It seems strange that Shelburne and Barré, when we consider their disapprobation of the measure, and recollect that it was subsequently one of the chief features of their opposition, should not have at once tendered their resignations. That

they did not do so proves either that they were prepared to hold office while the government pursued a policy which they supposed was of vital danger to the country, or that the real consequences of American taxation had not as yet been thoroughly appreciated even by its opponents.

The domestic measures of the government were equally unfortunate. Its own weakness, and the dislike of the king to the Rockinghams and Grenvilles, had gradually led to a fusion with the party of Bedford. No combination could have been more unlucky. The times required men of large views and of firm, honest principle. The Bedfords were inveterate enemies of all those sentiments of liberty which were just beginning to germinate among the people. Their leaders were dissolute and interested men, who still clung to the old system of oligarchical connection, now that quarrels and changes had well-nigh obliterated the system itself. In the commencement of 1768 Wilkes returned to England, and was elected a member of the House of Commons. Immediately the passions on both sides burst into a flame. Affairs went rapidly from bad to worse. From acts of folly and violence, the popular party rushed into libels, and very nearly into rebellion. From threats and rigor the government proceeded to frame illegal resolutions in the House of Commons, and to fill the streets of London with troops. The dignity of Parliament which generations of corruption, of buying, of selling, and of bullying had never offended, was now declared insulted. The strife was between the new age and the old age, and everything which was worst in both came conspicuously to the front.

The opinions of Shelburne and Barré and the government were now too divergent to permit them to remain members of it any longer. From its very commencement it can hardly be said that Shelburne cordially concurred with a single one of its measures. His advice was seldom taken; he abstained from attending the council. Affronts were heaped upon him; his department was divided; his office was offered to another; his patronage was intruded upon, and he at length only escaped dismissal by a hasty resignation. In the autumn of 1768 Shelburne and Barré threw in their lot with the Rockinghams and Grenvilles, and about the same time the resignation of Chatham left Grafton in name, as he had long been in reality, prime minister.

For the first few years of his opposition Barré found all the materials at hand to make that opposition terrible. The factions of the Grenvilles, of the Rockinghams, and of the Chathams were it is true constantly at variance, but they united in their ranks the most brilliant speakers of the time — Burke, Barré, and Dunning stood almost unrivalled in the House of Commons.

During this period the position of the government was difficult to the last degree. The law imposed upon it the duty of maintaining order. The police force at its disposal was composed of a few broken-down old men, who became policemen simply because they were too aged or decrepit for other trades. Time and prescription had handed down to the House of Commons a vast mass of privileges which, to a certain extent, the government was bound to protect, or at all events not to see lightly abused. The privileges of the House of Commons were attacked by furious mobs incited by one of the most unprincipled men in England. London became one seething mass of sedition. The days of the Florentine republic, when the companies of arts, the wool-combers, the dyers, and the doublet-makers, trampled on the authority of the seignior, seemed to have revived in the metropolis of England. Not a day passed without its riot. The people rose in their trades. There were mobs of sailors, of weavers, of coal-heavers, of Thames watermen, of tailors, of hatters. The doors of Parliament were beset by an unruly multitude, who loudly called for redress, and beat the members whom they considered hostile. The position was critical. Mansfield prophesied there would be a rebellion in ten days. The government called in the troops and the riots were quelled. Barré joined Burke in violent denunciations of the government. They charged the ministers with an unconstitutional attempt to supersede the civil power. The lesson was not forgotten. Eleven years later, when the streets of London were once more thronged with rioters, when houses were being sacked and the bank threatened, the arm of the executive was found to be palsied.

In 1770 Lord North became prime minister, but no change occurred in the policy of the government. Lord North's position was one of no common danger. His safety lay in the discord between the parties of Chatham and of Rockingham. The country seemed united against him. Numberless petitions prayed for a dissolution. A foreign war was imminent.

The Spaniards laid claim to the sovereignty of one of the Falkland Islands. Barré and those acting with him declared that the negligence and facility of the government amounted to little less than treason, and the country was nearly involved in an expensive war for an island which was little better than a barren moor, which had a detestable climate, no inhabitants, no trees, no commercial advantages, and no animals but the snipe and the flocks of wild geese which haunted its bogs.

Next came the quarrels between the House of Commons and the printers. The House of Commons enforced its orders against reporting debates. The newspapers had given the grossest provocation. Their reports were often shameful misrepresentations and distortions. Members who were eager for the suppression of newspaper reports were nevertheless prepared that the proceedings of the House should be made public; but they required that an official reporter should take accurate notes of their speeches. The printers were sent for: some refused to come. A speaker's warrant for their apprehension was served within the bounds of the city of London. The messenger was taken into custody by the city police, and the House of Commons, instead of wreaking its vengeance upon a few miserable printers, found itself confronted by a grave constitutional dilemma. The question was whether the privilege of the House of Commons could legally invade the liberties of London as declared in its charter. The House proceeded with that irritating mixture of vigor and vacillation which it so often shows when it thinks it necessary to vindicate its dignity. It sent the lord mayor to the Tower, but Wilkes, whom it was thoroughly afraid of, it considered too contemptible to touch.

Barré took the most active part in attempting to avert the blow from the lord mayor. Our Parliamentary usages supply many arts by which a feeble minority can oppose a tyrannous majority. He tried them all. The House had never divided so often in one night. The speaker complained that he was tired to death, and did not know how the question would ever be settled. At last, when every expedient had failed, Barré got up and attacked the government. As the speech affords a fair specimen of Barré's declamatory style, and is also an illustration of the violence occasionally introduced into the debates of that day, we may perhaps be pardoned for quoting the following passages:

"What," he said, addressing ministers, "can be your intention in such an attack upon all honor and virtue? Do you mean to bring all men upon a level with yourselves, and to extirpate all honesty and independence? Perhaps you imagine that a vote will settle the whole controversy? Alas! you are not aware that the manner in which your vote is procured remains a secret to no man. Listen; for, if you are not totally callous, if your consciences are not seared, I will speak daggers to your souls, and awake you to all the hells of a guilty recollection. Guilt, as the poet justly observes, is the source of sorrow; trust me, therefore, your triumph shall not be a pleasing one. I will follow you with whips and with stings through every maze of your unexampled turpitude, and plant eternal thorns beneath the rose of ministerial reprobation. . . . But it is in vain that you hope by fear and terror to extinguish every spark of the ancient fire of this isle. The more sacrifices, the more martyrs you make, the more numerous will the sons of liberty become. They will multiply like the hydra's head, and hurl down vengeance on your devoted heads. Let others act as they will, while I have a tongue or an arm they shall be free; and that I may not be a witness of this monstrous proceeding, I will leave the House: nor do I doubt but every independent, every honest man, will follow me. These walls are unholy, they are baleful, they are deadly, while a prostitute majority holds the bolt of Parliamentary omnipotence, and hurls its vengeance upon the virtuous." As Barré retired from the House, there were loud cries, "To the bar!" but the ministers wisely declined to increase their embarrassments by calling him to account.

Barré continued steadfast in opposition, but the court was not to be braved with impunity. It had once before driven him from his military commands—it now proceeded to force his resignation by offensively superseding him. In 1773 Barré felt himself compelled to retire from the army. Both Rigby and North expressed regret for the manner in which he had been treated, and there can be little doubt that the course was suggested by the king.

In 1773 opposition was dead. Its members, according to Walpole, were wriggling themselves into court. Not a cloud even the size of a man's hand appeared in the sky. Soon it became known that an act which had been passed in England as a boon had been regarded in America as a new bond of tyranny, and that hun-

dreds of chests of tea had been thrown into the sea. The outrage was a great one. Even Barré assented to a bill for closing the port of Boston.

The general expectation was that Boston would submit. But the time for submission was passed, and America was about to be severed from England forever. Each post brought worse news. Forebodings of evil were wafted on the breath of the coming storm, and blood was spilled before the nation knew that there was likely to be war. Chatham, it was supposed, might still save the country. The Rockinghams were prepared to act with him. North labored to remove the prejudices of the king; but before a new government could be formed, Lord Chatham had been sent for by a still higher king, and his body was sleeping in Westminster Abbey. It was a strange satire on Barré's life that he, who had first attained Parliamentary distinction by attacking William Pitt, should have been the most zealous mourner for the Earl of Chatham.

Shelburne and Barré, with all those who had acted with Chatham, now ranged themselves with the Rockinghams. All the bitterness and invective of which Barré was master were arrayed against the government. There was much fair ground for criticism. The justice of the war was, indeed a matter of opinion; but the method in which it was conducted, the vast grants of Parliament which remained unaccounted for, and the scandalous corruption of contractors were subjects of the justest censure. Barré moved for an inquiry into the public accounts. Lord North was in no position to oppose a motion so plausible. He made the motion his own; and a commission was appointed which naturally languished under ministerial protection. . . .

In 1782 the days of Lord North's administration were numbered. The war alone had preserved the government, but England was now sick of war. In America she had been beaten. In Europe she was confronted not only by active enemies, but by an armed neutrality, which threatened her right of search. At home she was oppressed by taxation, and was looking to economical reform. In Ireland she beheld all the symptoms of rebellion, which seventeen years before she had too fatally neglected in her colonies. A few close divisions took place in the House of Commons, and the king was painfully constrained to send for Rockingham.

Barré's political life now rapidly drew

to a close. When Rockingham became prime minister, Barré was appointed treasurer of the navy. In a few months more he was a pensioner. A pension of 3,200*l.* a year was conferred upon him—a sum ten times as large as the government bill then before the House of Commons proposed to allow to any one person. The pension was attacked, and Barré for the first time found there was something to be said in favor of pensions.

In 1783 a heavy misfortune fell upon him for which no wealth could compensate; he became blind. For several sessions he disappeared from Parliament. When he returned all was changed; his place in politics was gone; a new generation of statesmen had sprung up. Pitt, a mere boy, was prime minister. When he did speak, his mind, with the tenacity of advancing years, wandered back into the experiences of the past. He turned for examples to the days of Ligonier and of Wolfe—those days when he had suffered so much, and when fortune had seemed so distant.

In 1790 he retired from Parliament. The political convulsions which wrecked so many true friendships did not spare him, and his connection with Shelburne became a thing of the past. But before he died he was destined to behold changes more wonderful than the dissolution of the most sacred friendship. He lived to hear of events of which his own days could afford no parallel. The economic reforms of France, upon which Burke had once lingered so fondly, had been unable to save her from ruin. Revolution broke out, and the cries of its victims appealed to the sympathy of every heart, and to the terror of every imagination. He lived to hear that the bulk of the great Whig party to which he had once belonged had passed over to the government. He lived to hear of England's war with France, to hear of her defeats, and of her distresses; but long before the day of victory had come—a victory greater than that of Pitt or of Wolfe—Barré was no more. He died in 1802, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

HUGH F. ELLIOT.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE SECRET CHAMBER.

CHAPTER I.

CASTLE GOWRIE is one of the most famous and interesting in all Scotland.

It is a beautiful old house, to start with, — perfect in old feudal grandeur, with its clustered turrets and walls that could withstand an army, its labyrinths, its hidden stairs, its long mysterious passages — passages that seem in many cases to lead to nothing, but of which no one can be too sure what they lead to. The front, with its fine gateway and flanking towers, is approached now by velvet lawns, and a peaceful, beautiful old avenue, with double rows of trees, like a cathedral; and the woods out of which these grey towers rise, look as soft and rich in foliage, if not so lofty in growth, as the groves of the south. But this softness of aspect is all new to the place, — that is, new within the century or two which count for but little in the history of a dwelling-place, some part of which, at least, has been standing since the days when the Saxon Athelings brought such share of the arts as belonged to them to solidify and regulate the original Celtic art which reared incised stones upon rude burial-places, and twined mystic knots on its crosses, before historic days. Even of this primitive decoration there are relics at Gowrie, where the twistings and twinings of Runic cords appear still on some bits of ancient wall, solid as rocks, and almost as everlasting. From these to the graceful French turrets, which recall many a grey chateau, what a long interval of years! But these are filled with stirring chronicles enough, besides the dim, not always decipherable records, which different developments of architecture have left on the old house. The Earls of Gowrie had been in the heat of every commotion that took place on or about the Highland line for more generations than any but a Celtic pen could record. Rebellions, revenges, insurrections, conspiracies, nothing in which blood was shed and lands lost, took place in Scotland, in which they had not had a share; and the annals of the house are very full, and not without many a stain. They had been a bold and vigorous race — with much evil in them, and some good; never insignificant, whatever else they might be. It could not be said, however, that they are remarkable nowadays. Since the first Stuart rising, known in Scotland as “the Fifteen,” they have not done much that has been worth recording; but yet their family history has always been of an unusual kind. The Randolphs could not be called eccentric in themselves: on the contrary, when you knew them, they were at bottom a respectable race, full of all the country-gentleman virtues; and yet their public

career, such as it was, had been marked by the strangest leaps and jerks of vicissitude. You would have said an impulsive, fanciful family — now making a grasp at some visionary advantage, now rushing into some wild speculation, now making a sudden sally into public life, but soon falling back into mediocrity, not able apparently, even when the impulse was purely selfish and mercenary, to keep it up. But this would not have been at all a true conception of the family character; their actual virtues were not of the imaginative order, and their freaks were a mystery to their friends. Nevertheless these freaks were what the general world was most aware of in the Randolph race. The late earl had been a representative peer of Scotland (they had no English title), and had made quite a wonderful start, and for a year or two had seemed about to attain a very eminent place in Scotch affairs; but his ambition was found to have made use of some very equivocal modes of gaining influence, and he dropped accordingly at once and forever from the political firmament. This was quite a common circumstance in the family. An apparently brilliant beginning, a discovery of evil means adopted for ambitious ends, a sudden subsidence, and the curious conclusion at the end of everything that this schemer, this unscrupulous speculator or politician, was a dull, good man after all — unambitious, contented, full of domestic kindness and benevolence. This family peculiarity made the history of the Randolphs a very strange one, broken by the oddest interruptions, and with no consistency in it. There was another circumstance, however, which attracted still more the wonder and observation of the public. For one who can appreciate such a recondite matter as family character, there are hundreds who are interested in a family secret, and this the house of Randolph possessed in perfection. It was a mystery which piqued the imagination and excited the interest of the entire country. The story went, that somewhere hid amid the massive walls and tortuous passages there was a secret chamber in Gowrie Castle. Everybody knew of its existence; but save the earl, his heir, and one other person, not of the family, but filling a confidential post in their service, no mortal knew where this mysterious hiding-place was. There had been countless guesses made at it, and expedients of all kinds invented to find it out. Every visitor who ever entered the old gateway, nay, even passing travellers who saw the turrets from the road,

searched keenly for some trace of this mysterious chamber. But all guesses and researches were equally in vain.

I was about to say that no ghost-story I ever heard of has been so steadily and long believed. But this would be a mistake, for nobody knew even with any certainty that there was a ghost connected with it. A secret chamber was nothing wonderful in so old a house. No doubt they exist in many such old houses, and are always curious and interesting—strange relics, more moving than any history, of the time when a man was not safe in his own house, and when it might be necessary to secure a refuge beyond the reach of spies or traitors at a moment's notice. Such a refuge was a necessity of life to a great mediæval noble. The peculiarity about this secret chamber, however, was, that some secret connected with the very existence of the family was always understood to be involved in it. It was not only the secret hiding-place for an emergency, a kind of historical possession presupposing the importance of his race, of which a man might be honestly proud; but there was something hidden in it of which assuredly the race could not be proud. It is wonderful how easily a family learns to pique itself upon any distinctive possession. A ghost is a sign of importance not to be despised; a haunted room is worth as much as a small farm to the complacency of the family that owns it. And no doubt the younger branches of the Gowrie family—the light-minded portion of the race—felt this, and were proud of their unfathomable secret, and felt a thrill of agreeable awe and piquant suggestion go through them, when they remembered the mysterious something which they did not know in their familiar home. That thrill ran through the entire circle of visitors, and children, and servants when the earl peremptorily forbade a projected improvement, or stopped a reckless exploration. They looked at each other with a pleasurable shiver. "Did you hear?" they said. "He will not let Lady Gowrie have that closet she wants so much in that bit of wall. He sent the workmen about their business before they could touch it, though the wall is twenty feet thick if it is an inch; ah!" said the visitors, looking at each other; and this lively suggestion sent tinglings of excitement to their very finger-points; but even to his wife, mourning the comendous closet she had intended, the earl made no explanations. For anything she knew, it might be there, next to her room, this mysterious

lurking-place; and it may be supposed that this suggestion conveyed to Lady Gowrie's veins a thrill more keen and strange, perhaps too vivid to be pleasant. But she was not in the favored or unfortunate number of those to whom the truth could be revealed.

I need not say what the different theories on the subject were. Some thought there had been a treacherous massacre there, and that the secret chamber was blocked by the skeletons of murdered guests,—a treachery no doubt covering the family with shame in its day, but so condoned by long softening of years as to have all the shame taken out of it. The Randolphs could not have felt their character affected by any such interesting historical record. They were not so morbidly sensitive. Some said, on the other hand, that Earl Robert, the wicked earl, was shut up there in everlasting penance, playing cards with the devil for his soul. But it would have been too great a feather in the family cap to have thus got the devil, or even one of his angels, bottled up, as it were, and safely in hand, to make it possible that any lasting stigma could be connected with such a fact as this. What a thing it would be to know where to lay one's hand upon the prince of darkness, and prove him once for all, cloven foot and everything else, to the confusion of gain-sayers!

So this was not to be received as a satisfactory solution, nor could any other be suggested which was more to the purpose. The popular mind gave it up, and yet never gave it up; and still everybody who visits Gowrie, be it as a guest, be it as a tourist, be it only as a gazer from a passing carriage, or from the flying railway train which just glimpses its turrets in the distance, daily and yearly spends a certain amount of curiosity, wonderment, and conjecture about the secret chamber—the most piquant and undiscoverable wonder which has endured unguessed and undeciphered to modern times.

This was how the matter stood when young John Randolph, Lord Lindores, came of age. He was a young man of great character and energy, not like the usual Randolph strain—for, as we have said, the type of character common in this romantically-situated family, notwithstanding the erratic incidents common to them, was that of dulness and honesty, especially in their early days. But young Lindores was not so. He was honest and honorable, but not dull. He had gone through almost a remarkable course at school and

at the university—not perhaps in quite the ordinary way of scholarship, but enough to attract men's eyes to him. He had made more than one great speech at the Union. He was full of ambition, and force, and life, intending all sorts of great things, and meaning to make his position a stepping-stone to all that was excellent in public life. Not for him the country-gentleman existence which was congenial to his father. The idea of succeeding to the family honors and becoming a Scotch peer, either represented or representative, filled him with horror; and filial piety in his case was made warm by all the energy of personal hopes when he prayed that his father might live, if not forever, yet longer than any Lord Gowrie had lived for the last century or two. He was as sure of his election for the county the next time there was a chance, as anybody can be certain of anything; and in the mean time he meant to travel, to go to America, to go no one could tell where, seeking for instruction and experience, as is the manner of high-spirited young men with Parliamentary tendencies in the present day. In former times he would have gone "to the wars in the Hie Germanie," or on a crusade to the Holy Land; but the days of the crusaders and of the soldiers of fortune being over, Lindores followed the fashion of his time. He had made all his arrangements for his tour, which his father did not oppose. On the contrary, Lord Gowrie encouraged all those plans, though with an air of melancholy indulgence which his son could not understand. "It will do you good," he said, with a sigh. "Yes, yes, my boy; the best thing for you." This, no doubt, was true enough; but there was an implied feeling that the young man would require something to do him good—that he would want the soothing of change and the gratification of his wishes, as one might speak of a convalescent or the victim of some calamity. This tone puzzled Lindores, who, though he thought it a fine thing to travel and acquire information, was as scornful of the idea of being done good to as is natural to any fine young fellow fresh from Oxford and the triumphs of the Union. But he reflected that the old school had its own way of treating things, and was satisfied. All was settled accordingly for this journey, before he came home to go through the ceremonial performances of the coming of age, the dinner of the tenantry, the speeches, the congratulations, his father's banquet, his mother's ball. It was in summer, and the country was as gay as all the en-

tertainments that were to be given in his honor. His friend who was going to accompany him on his tour, as he had accompanied him through a considerable portion of his life—Almeric Ffarrington, a young man of the same aspirations—came up to Scotland with him for these festivities. And as they rushed through the night on the Great Northern Railway, in the intervals of two naps, they had a scrap of conversation as to these birthday glories. "It will be a bore, but it will not last long," said Lindores. They were both of the opinion that anything that did not produce information or promote culture was a bore.

"But is there not a revelation to be made to you, among all the other things you have to go through?" said Ffarrington. "Have not you to be introduced to the secret chamber, and all that sort of thing? I should like to be of the party there, Lindores."

"Ah," said the heir, "I had forgotten that part of it," which, however, was not the case. "Indeed I don't know if I am to be told. Even family dogmas are shaken nowadays."

"Oh, I should insist on that," said Ffarrington, lightly. "It is not many who have the chance of paying such a visit—better than Home and all the mediums. I should insist upon that."

"I have no reason to suppose that it has any connection with Home or the mediums," said Lindores, slightly nettled. He was himself an *esprit fort*; but a mystery in one's own family is not like vulgar mysteries. He liked it to be respected.

"Oh, no offence," said his companion. "I have always thought that a railway train would be a great chance for the spirits. If one was to show suddenly in that vacant seat beside you, what a triumphant proof of their existence that would be! but they don't take advantage of their opportunities."

Lindores could not tell what it was that made him think at that moment of a portrait he had seen in a back room at the castle of old Earl Robert, the wicked earl. It was a bad portrait—a daub—a copy made by an amateur of the genuine portrait, which, out of horror of Earl Robert and his wicked ways, had been removed by some intermediate lord from its place in the gallery. Lindores had never seen the original—nothing but this daub of a copy. Yet somehow this face occurred to him by some strange link of association—seemed to come into his eyes as his friend spoke. A slight shiver

ran over him. It was strange. He made no reply to Ffarrington, but set himself to think how it could be that the latent presence in his mind of some anticipation of this approaching disclosure, touched into life by his friend's suggestion, should have called out of his memory a momentary realization of the acknowledged magician of the family. This sentence is full of long words; but unfortunately long words are required in such a case. And the process was very simple when you traced it out. It was the clearest case of unconscious cerebration. He shut his eyes by way of securing privacy while he thought it out; and being tired, and not at all alarmed by his unconscious cerebration, before he opened them again fell fast asleep.

And his birthday, which was the day following his arrival at Glenlyon, was a very busy day. He had not time to think of anything but the immediate occupations of the moment. Public and private greetings, congratulations, offerings, poured upon him. The Gowries were popular in this generation, which was far from being usual in the family. Lady Gowrie was kind and generous, with that kindness which comes from the heart, and which is the only kindness likely to impress the keen-sighted popular judgment; and Lord Gowrie had but little of the equivocal reputation of his predecessors. They could be splendid now and then on great occasions, though in general they were homely enough; all which the public likes. It was a bore, Lindores said; but yet the young man did not dislike the honors, and the adulation, and all the hearty speeches and good wishes. It is sweet to a young man to feel himself the centre of all hopes. It seemed very reasonable to him—very natural—that he should be so, and that the farmers should feel a pride of anticipation in thinking of his future speeches in Parliament. He promised to them with the sincerest good faith that he would not disappoint their expectations—that he would feel their interest in him an additional spur. What so natural as that interest and these expectations? He was almost solemnized by his own position—so young, looked up to by so many people—so many hopes depending on him; and yet it was quite natural. His father, however, was still more solemnized than Lindores—and this was strange, to say the least. His face grew graver and graver as the day went on, till it almost seemed as if he were dissatisfied with his son's popularity, or had

some painful thought weighing on his mind. He was restless and eager for the termination of the dinner, and to get rid of his guests; and as soon as they were gone, showed an equal anxiety that his son should retire too. "Go to bed at once, as a favor to me," Lord Gowrie said. "You will have a great deal of fatigue—to-morrow." "You need not be afraid for me, sir," said Lindores, half affronted; but he obeyed, being tired. He had not once thought of the secret to be disclosed to him, through all that long day. But when he woke suddenly with a start in the middle of the night, to find the candles all lighted in his room, and his father standing by his bedside, Lindores instantly thought of it, and in a moment felt that the leading event—the chief incident of all that had happened—was going to take place now.

CHAPTER II.

LORD GOWRIE was very grave, and very pale. He was standing with his hand on his son's shoulder to wake him; his dress was unchanged from the moment they had parted. And the sight of this formal costume was very bewildering to the young man as he started up in his bed. But next moment he seemed to know exactly how it was, and, more than that, to have known it all his life. Explanation seemed unnecessary. At any other moment, in any other place, a man would be startled to be suddenly woke up in the middle of the night. But Lindores had no such feeling; he did not even ask a question, but sprang up, and fixed his eyes, taking in all the strange circumstances, on his father's face.

"Get up, my boy," said Lord Gowrie, "and dress as quickly as you can; it is full time. I have lighted your candles, and your things are all ready. You have had a good long sleep."

Even now he did not ask, "What is it?" as under any other circumstances he would have done. He got up without a word, with an impulse of nervous speed and rapidity of movement such as only excitement can give, and dressed himself, his father helping him silently. It was a curious scene: the room gleaming with lights, the silence, the hurried toilet, the stillness of deep night all around. The house, though so full, and with the echoes of festivity but just over, was quiet as if there was not a creature within it—more quiet, indeed, for the stillness of vacancy is not half so impressive as the stillness of hushed and slumbering life.

Lord Gowrie went to the table when this first step was over, and poured out a glass of wine from a bottle which stood there, — a rich, golden-colored, perfumy wine, which sent its scent through the room. "You will want all your strength," he said; "take this before you go. It is the famous Imperial Tokay; there is only a little left, and you will want all your strength."

Lindores took the wine; he had never drunk any like it before, and the peculiar fragrance remained in his mind, as perfumes so often do, with a whole world of association in them. His father's eyes dwelt upon him with a melancholy sympathy. "You are going to encounter the greatest trial of your life," he said; and taking the young man's hand into his, felt his pulse. "It is quick, but it is quite firm, and you have had a good long sleep." Then he did what it needs a great deal of pressure to induce an Englishman to do, — he kissed his son on the cheek. "God bless you!" he said, faltering. "Come, now, everything is ready, Lindores."

He took up in his hand a small lamp, which he had apparently brought with him, and led the way. By this time Lindores began to feel himself again, and to wake to the consciousness of all his own superiorities and enlightenments. The simple sense that he was one of the members of a family with a mystery, and that the moment of his personal encounter with this special power of darkness had come, had been the first thrilling, overwhelming thought. But now as he followed his father, Lindores began to remember that he himself was not altogether like other men; that there was that in him which would make it natural that he should throw some light, hitherto unthought of, upon this carefully preserved darkness. What secret even there might be in it — secret of hereditary tendency, of psychic force, of mental conformation, or of some curious combination of circumstances at once more and less potent than these — it was for him to find out. He gathered all his forces about him, reminded himself of modern enlightenment, and bade his nerves be steel to all vulgar horrors. He, too, felt his own pulse as he followed his father. To spend the night perhaps amongst the skeletons of that old-world massacre, and to repent the sins of his ancestors — to be brought within the range of some optical illusion believed in hitherto by all the generations, and which, no doubt, was of a startling kind, or his father would not look so serious, — any of these he felt himself

quite strong to encounter. His heart and spirit rose. A young man has but seldom the opportunity of distinguishing himself so early in his career; and his was such a chance as occurs to very few. No doubt it was something that would be extremely trying to the nerves and imagination. He called up all his powers to vanquish both. And along with this call upon himself to exertion, there was the less serious impulse of curiosity: he would see at last what the secret chamber was, where it was, how it fitted into the labyrinths of the old house. This he tried to put in its due place as a most interesting object. He said to himself that he would willingly have gone a long journey at any time to be present at such an exploration; and there is no doubt that in other circumstances a secret chamber, with probably some unthought-of historical interest in it, would have been a very fascinating discovery. He tried very hard to excite himself about this; but it was curious how fictitious he felt the interest, and how conscious he was that it was an effort to feel any curiosity at all on the subject. The fact was, that the secret chamber was entirely secondary — thrown back, as all accessories are, by a more pressing interest. The overpowering thought of what was in it drove aside all healthy, natural curiosity about itself.

It must not be supposed, however, that the father and son had a long way to go to have time for all these thoughts. Thoughts travel at lightning speed, and there was abundant leisure for this between the time they had left the door of Lindores' room and gone down the corridor, no further off than to Lord Gowrie's own chamber, naturally one of the chief rooms of the house. Nearly opposite this, a few steps further on, was a little neglected room devoted to lumber, with which Lindores had been familiar all his life. Why this nest of old rubbish, dust, and cobwebs should be so near the bedroom of the head of the house had been a matter of surprise to many people — to the guests who saw it while exploring, and to each new servant in succession who planned an attack upon its ancient stores, scandalized by finding it to have been neglected by their predecessors. All their attempts to clear it out had, however, been resisted, nobody could tell how, or indeed thought it worth while to inquire. As for Lindores, he had been used to the place from his childhood, and therefore accepted it as the most natural thing in the world. He had been in and out a hundred times in his play. And it was here, he remembered suddenly, that

he had seen the bad picture of Earl Robert which had so curiously come into his eyes on his journeying here, by a mental movement which he had identified at once as unconscious cerebration. The first feeling in his mind, as his father went to the open door of this lumber-room, was a mixture of amusement and surprise. What was he going to pick up there? some old pentacle, some amulet or scrap of antiquated magic to act as armor against the evil one? But Lord Gowrie, going on and setting down the lamp on the table, turned round upon his son with a face of agitation and pain which barred all further amusement: he grasped him by the hand, crushing it between his own. "Now, my boy, my dear son," he said, in tones that were scarcely audible. His countenance was full of the dreary pain of a looker-on — one who has no share in the excitement of personal danger, but has the more terrible part of watching those who are in deadliest peril. He was a powerful man, and his large form shook with emotion; great beads of moisture stood upon his forehead. An old sword with a cross handle lay upon a dusty chair among other dusty and battered relics. "Take this with you," he said, in the same inaudible, breathless way — whether as a weapon, whether as a religious symbol, Lindores could not guess. The young man took it mechanically. His father pushed open a door which it seemed to him he had never seen before, and led him into another vaulted chamber. Here even the limited powers of speech Lord Gowrie had retained seemed to forsake him, and his voice became a mere hoarse murmur in his throat. For want of speech he pointed to another door in the further corner of this small vacant room, gave him to understand by a gesture that he was to knock there, and then went back into the lumber-room. The door into this was left open, and a faint glimmer of the lamp shed light into this little intermediate place — this debatable land between the seen and the unseen. In spite of himself, Lindores' heart began to beat. He made a breathless pause, feeling his head go round. He held the old sword in his hand, not knowing what it was. Then, summoning all his courage, he went forward and knocked at the closed door. His knock was not loud, but it seemed to echo all over the silent house. Would everybody hear and wake, and rush to see what had happened? This caprice of imagination seized upon him, ousting all the firmer thoughts, the steadfast calm of mind with

which he ought to have encountered the mystery. Would they all rush in, in wild *déshabillé*, in terror and dismay, before the door opened? How long it was of opening! He touched the panel with his hand again. This time there was no delay. In a moment, as if thrown suddenly open by some one within, the door moved. It opened just wide enough to let him enter, stopping half-way as if some one invisible held it, wide enough for welcome, but no more. Lindores stepped across the threshold with a beating heart. What was he about to see? the skeletons of the murdered victims? a ghostly charnel-house full of bloody traces of crime? He seemed to be hurried and pushed in as he made that step. What was this world of mystery into which he was plunged — what was it he saw?

He saw — nothing — except what was agreeable enough to behold, — an antiquated room hung with tapestry, very old tapestry of rude design, its colors faded into softness and harmony; between its folds here and there a panel of carved wood, rude too in design, with traces of half-worn gilding; a table covered with strange instruments, parchments, chemical tubes, and curious machinery, all with a quaintness of form and dimness of material that spoke of age. A heavy old velvet cover, thick with embroidery faded almost out of all color, was on the table; on the wall above it, something that looked like a very old Venetian mirror, the glass so dim and crusted that it scarcely reflected at all; on the floor an old soft Persian carpet, worn into a vague blending of all colors. This was all that he thought he saw. His heart, which had been thumping so loud as almost to choke him, stopped that tremendous upward and downward motion like a steam piston; and he grew calm. Perfectly still, dim, unoccupied: yet not so dim either; there was no apparent source of light, no windows, curtains of tapestry drawn everywhere — no lamp visible, no fire — and yet a kind of strange light which made everything quite clear. He looked round, trying to smile at his terrors, trying to say to himself that it was the most curious place he had ever seen — that he must show Ffarrington some of that tapestry — that he must really bring away a panel of that carving, — when he suddenly saw that the door was shut by which he had entered — nay, more than shut, undiscernible, covered like all the rest of the walls by that strange tapestry. At this his heart began to beat again in spite of him.

He looked round once more, and woke up to more vivid being with a sudden start. Had his eyes been incapable of vision on his first entrance? Unoccupied? Who was that in the great chair?

It seemed to Lindores that he had seen neither the chair nor the man when he came in. There they were, however, solid, and unmistakable; the chair carved like the panels, the man seated in front of the table. He looked at Lindores with a calm and open gaze, inspecting him. The young man's heart seemed in his throat fluttering like a bird, but he was brave, and his mind made one final effort to break this spell. He tried to speak, laboring with a voice that would not sound, and with lips too parched to form a word. "I see how it is," was what he wanted to say. It was Earl Robert's face that was looking at him; and startled as he was, he dragged forth his philosophy to support him. What could it be but optical delusions, unconscious cerebration, occult seizure by the impressed and struggling mind of this one countenance? But he could not hear himself speak any word as he stood convulsed, struggling with dry lips and choking voice.

The appearance smiled, as if knowing his thoughts — not unkindly, not malignly — with a certain amusement mingled with scorn. Then he spoke, and the sound seemed to breathe through the room not like any voice that Lindores had ever heard, a kind of utterance of the place, like the rustle of the air or the ripple of the sea. "You will learn better to-night: this is no phantom of your brain; it is I."

"In God's name," cried the young man in his soul, — he did not know whether the words ever got into the air or not, if there was any air, — "in God's name, who are you?"

The figure rose as if coming to him to reply; and Lindores, overcome by the apparent approach, struggled into utterance. A cry came from him — he heard it this time — and even in his extremity felt a pang the more to hear the terror in his own voice. But he did not flinch, he stood desperate, all his strength concentrated in the act; he neither turned nor recoiled. Vaguely gleaming through his mind came the thought that to be thus brought in contact with the unseen was the experiment to be most desired on earth, the final settlement of a hundred questions; but his faculties were not sufficiently under command to entertain it. He only stood firm, that was all.

And the figure did not approach him;

after a moment it subsided back again into the chair — subsided, for no sound, not the faintest, accompanied its movements. It was the form of a man of middle age, the hair white, but the beard only crisped with grey, the features those of the picture — a familiar face, more or less like all the Randolphs, but with an air of domination and power altogether unlike that of the race. He was dressed in a long robe of dark color, embroidered with strange lines and angles. There was nothing repellent or terrible in his air — nothing except the noiselessness, the calm, the absolute stillness, which was as much in the place as in him, to keep up the involuntary trembling of the beholder. His expression was full of dignity and thoughtfulness, and not malignant or unkind. He might have been the kindly patriarch of the house, watching over its fortunes in a seclusion he had chosen. The pulses that had been beating in Lindores were stilled. What was his panic for? a gleam even of self-ridicule took possession of him, to be standing there like an absurd hero of antiquated romance with the rusty, dusty sword — good for nothing, surely not adapted for use against this noble old magician — in his hand.

"You are right," said the voice, once more answering his thoughts; "what could you do with that sword against me, young Lindores? Put it by. Why should my children meet me like an enemy? You are my flesh and blood. Give me your hand."

A shiver ran through the young man's frame. The hand that was held out to him was large and shapely and white, with a straight line across the palm — a family token upon which the Randolphs prided themselves — a friendly hand; and the face smiled upon him, fixing him with those calm, profound, blue eyes. "Come," said the voice. The word seemed to fill the place, melting upon him from every corner, whispering round him with softest persuasion. He was lulled and calmed in spite of himself. Spirit or no spirit, why should not he accept this proffered courtesy? What harm could come of it? The chief thing that retained him was the dragging of the old sword, heavy and useless, which he held mechanically, but which some internal feeling — he could not tell what — prevented him from putting down. Superstition, was it?

"Yes, that is superstition," said his ancestor, serenely; "put it down and come."

"You know my thoughts," said Lindores; "I did not speak."

"Your mind spoke, and spoke justly. Put down that emblem of brute force and superstition together. Here it is the intelligence that is supreme. Come."

Lindores stood doubtful. He was calm; the power of thought was restored to him. If this benevolent venerable patriarch was all he seemed, why his father's terror? why the secrecy in which his being was involved? His own mind, though calm, did not seem to act in the usual way. Thoughts seemed to be driven across it as by a wind. One of these came to him suddenly now—

How there looked him in the face,
An angel beautiful and bright,
And how he knew it was a fiend.

The words were not ended, when Earl Robert replied suddenly with impatience in his voice, "Fiends are of the fancy of men; like angels and other follies. I am your father. You know me; and you are mine, Lindores. I have power beyond what you can understand; but I want flesh and blood to reign and to enjoy. Come, Lindores!"

He put out his other hand. The action, the look, were those of kindness, almost of longing, and the face was familiar, the voice was that of the race. Supernatural! was it supernatural that this man should live here shut up for ages? and why? and how? Was there any explanation of it? The young man's brain began to reel. He could not tell which was real—the life he had left half an hour ago, or this. He tried to look round him, but could not; his eyes were caught by those other kindred eyes, which seemed to dilate and deepen as he looked at them, and drew him with a strange compulsion. He felt himself yielding, swaying towards the strange being who thus invited him. What might happen if he yielded? And he could not turn away, he could not tear himself from the fascination of those eyes. With a sudden strange impulse which was half despair and half a bewildering, half-conscious desire to try one potency against another, he thrust forward the cross of the old sword between him and those appealing hands. "In the name of God!" he said.

Lindores never could tell whether it was that he himself grew faint, and that the dimness of swooning came into his eyes after this violence and strain of emotion, or if it was his spell that worked. But there was an instantaneous change. Ev-

everything swam around him for the moment, a giddiness and blindness seized him, and he saw nothing but the vague outlines of the room, empty as when he entered it. But gradually his consciousness came back, and he found himself standing on the same spot as before, clutching the old sword, and gradually, as though a dream, recognized the same figure emerging out of the mist which—was it solely in his own eyes?—had enveloped everything. But it was no longer in the same attitude. The hands which had been stretched out to him were busy now with some of the strange instruments on the table, moving about, now in the action of writing, now as if managing the keys of a telegraph. Lindores felt that his brain was all atwist and set wrong; but he was still a human being of his century. He thought of the telegraph with a keen thrill of curiosity in the midst of his reviving sensations. What communication was this which was going on before his eyes? The magician worked on. He had his face turned towards his victim, but his hands moved with unceasing activity. And Lindores, as he grew accustomed to the position, began to weary—to feel like a neglected suitor waiting for an audience. To be wound up to such a strain of feeling, then left to wait, was intolerable; impatience seized upon him. What circumstances can exist, however horrible, in which a human being will not feel impatience? He made a great many efforts to speak before he could succeed. It seemed to him that his body felt more fear than he did—that his muscles were contracted, his throat parched, his tongue refusing its office, although his mind was unaffected and undismayed. At last he found an utterance in spite of all resistance of his flesh and blood.

"Who are you?" he said hoarsely. "You that live here and oppress this house?"

The vision raised its eyes full upon him, with again that strange shadow of a smile, mocking yet not unkind. "Do you remember me," he said, "on your journey here?"

"That was—a delusion." The young man gasped for breath.

"More like that you are a delusion. You have lasted but one-and-twenty years, and I—for centuries."

"How? For centuries—and why? Answer me—are you man or demon?" cried Lindores, tearing the words, as he felt, out of his own throat. "Are you living or dead?"

The magician looked at him with the

same intense gaze as before. "Be on my side, and you shall know everything, Lindores. I want one of my own race. Others I could have in plenty; but I want *you*. A Randolph, a Randolph! and *you*. Dead! do I seem dead? You shall have everything — more than dreams can give — if you will be on my side."

Can he give what he has not? was the thought that ran through the mind of Lindores. But he could not speak it. Something that choked and stifled him was in his throat.

"Can I give what I have not? I have everything — power, the one thing worth having; and you shall have more than power, for you are young — my son! Lindores!"

To argue was natural, and gave the young man strength. "Is this life," he said, "here? What is all your power worth — here? To sit for ages, and make a race unhappy?"

A momentary convulsion came across the still face. "You scorn me," he cried, with an appearance of emotion, "because you do not understand how I move the world. Power! 'Tis more than fancy can grasp. And you shall have it!" said the wizard, with what looked like a show of enthusiasm. He seemed to come nearer, to grow larger. He put forth his hand again, this time so close that it seemed impossible to escape. And a crowd of wishes seemed to rush upon the mind of Lindores. What harm to try if this might be true? To try what it meant — perhaps nothing, delusions, vain show, and then there could be no harm; or perhaps there was knowledge to be had, which was power. Try, try, try! the air buzzed about him. The room seemed full of voices urging him. His bodily frame rose into a tremendous whirl of excitement, his veins seemed to swell to bursting, his lips seemed to force a yes, in spite of him, quivering as they came apart. The hiss of the *s* seemed in his ears. He changed it into the name which was a spell too, and cried, "Help me, God!" not knowing why.

Then there came another pause — he felt as if he had been dropped from something that had held him, and had fallen, and was faint. The excitement had been more than he could bear. Once more everything swam around him, and he did not know where he was. Had he escaped altogether? was the first waking wonder of consciousness in his mind? But when he could think and see again, he was still in the same spot, surrounded by the old cur-

tains and the carved panels — but alone. He felt, too, that he was able to move, but the strangest dual consciousness was in him throughout all the rest of his trial. His body felt to him as a frightened horse feels to a traveller at night — a thing separate from him, more frightened than he was — starting aside at every step, seeing more than its master. His limbs shook with fear and weakness, almost refusing to obey the action of his will, trembling under him with jerks aside when he compelled himself to move. The hair stood upright on his head — every finger trembled as with palsy — his lips, his eyelids, quivered with nervous agitation. But his mind was strong, stimulated to a desperate calm. He dragged himself round the room, he crossed the very spot where the magician had been — all was vacant, silent, clear. Had he vanquished the enemy? This thought came into his mind with an involuntary triumph. The old strain of feeling came back. Such efforts might be produced, perhaps, only by imagination, by excitement, by delusion —

Lindores looked up by a sudden attraction he could not tell what: and the blood suddenly froze in his veins that had been so boiling and fermenting. Some one was looking at him from the old mirror on the wall. A face not human and lifelike, like that of the inhabitant of this place, but ghostly and terrible, like one of the dead; and while he looked, a crowd of other faces came behind all looking at him, some mournfully, some with a menace in their terrible eyes. The mirror did not change, but within its small dim space seemed to contain an innumerable company, crowded above and below, all with one gaze at him. His lips dropped apart with a gasp of horror. More and more and more! He was standing close by the table when this crowd came. Then all at once there was laid upon him a cold hand. He turned; close to his side, brushing him with his robe, holding him fast by the arm, sat Earl Robert in his great chair. A shriek came from the young man's lips. He seemed to hear it echoing away into unfathomable distance. The cold touch penetrated to his very soul.

"Do you try spells upon me, Lindores? That is a tool of the past. You shall have something better to work with. And are you so sure of whom you call upon? If there is such a one, why should He help you who never called on him before?"

Lindores could not tell if these words were spoken; it was a communication rapid as the thoughts in the mind. And

he felt as if something answered that was not all himself. He seemed to stand passive and hear the argument. "Does God reckon with a man in trouble, whether he has ever called to him before? I call now" (now he felt it was himself that said): "go, evil spirit!—go, dead and cursed!—go, in the name of God!"

He felt himself flung violently against the wall. A faint laugh, stifled in the throat, and followed by a groan, rolled round the room; the old curtains seemed to open here and there, and flutter, as if with comings and goings. Lindores leaned with his back against the wall, and all his senses restored to him. He felt blood trickle down his neck; and in this contact once more with the physical, his body, in its madness of fright, grew manageable. For the first time he felt wholly master of himself. Though the magician was standing in his place, a great majestic, appalling figure, he did not shrink. "Liar!" he cried, in a voice that rang and echoed as in natural air—"clinging to miserable life like a worm—like a reptile; promising all things, having nothing, but this den, unvisited by the light of day. Is this your power—your superiority to men who die? is it for this that you oppress a race, and make a house unhappy? I vow, in God's name, your reign is over! You and your secret shall last no more."

There was no reply. But Lindores felt his terrible ancestor's eyes getting once more that mesmeric mastery over him which had already almost overcome his powers. He must withdraw his own, or perish. He had a human horror of turning his back upon that watchful adversary: to face him seemed the only safety; but to face him was to be conquered. Slowly, with a pang indescribable, he tore himself from that gaze: it seemed to drag his eyes out of their sockets, his heart out of his bosom. Resolutely, with the daring of desperation, he turned round to the spot where he entered—the spot where no door was,—hearing already in anticipation the step after him—feeling the grip that would crush and smother his exhausted life—but too desperate to care.

CHAPTER III.

How wonderful is the blue dawning of the new day before the sun! not rosy-fingered, like that Aurora of the Greeks who comes later with all her wealth; but still, dreamy, wonderful, stealing out of the unseen, abashed by the solemnity of the new birth. When anxious watchers see that

first brightness come stealing upon the waiting skies, what mingled relief and renewal of misery is in it! another long day to toil through—yet another sad night over! Lord Gowrie sat among the dust and cobwebs, his lamp flaring idly into the blue morning. He had heard his son's human voice, though nothing more; and he expected to have him brought out by invisible hands, as had happened to himself, and left lying in long deathly swoon outside that mystic door. This was how it had happened to heir after heir, as told from father to son, one after another, as the secret came down. One or two bearers of the name of Lindores had never recovered; most of them had been saddened and subdued for life. He remembered sadly the freshness of existence which had never come back to himself; the hopes that had never blossomed again; the assurance with which never more he had been able to go about the world. And now his son would be as himself—the glory gone out of his living—his ambitions, his aspirations wrecked. He had not been endowed as his boy was—he had been a plain, honest man, and nothing more; but experience and life had given him wisdom enough to smile by times at the coquetries of mind in which Lindores indulged. Were they all over now, those freaks of young intelligence, those enthusiasms of the soul? The curse of the house had come upon him—the magnetism of that strange presence, ever living, ever watchful, present in all the family history. His heart was sore for his son; and yet along with this there was a certain consolation to him in having henceforward a partner in the secret—some one to whom he could talk of it as he had not been able to talk since his own father died. Almost all the mental struggles which Gowrie had known had been connected with this mystery; and he had been obliged to hide them in his bosom—to conceal them even when they rent him in two. Now he had a partner in his trouble. This was what he was thinking as he sat through the night. How slowly the moments passed! He was not aware of the daylight coming in. After a while even thought got suspended in listening. Was not the time nearly over? He rose and began to pace about the encumbered space, which was but a step or two in extent. There was an old cupboard in the wall, in which there were restoratives—pungent essences and cordials, and fresh water which he had himself brought—everything was ready; presently the

ghastly body of his boy, half-dead, would be thrust forth into his care.

But this was not how it happened. While he waited, so intent that his whole frame seemed to be capable of hearing, he heard the closing of the door, boldly shut with a sound that rose in muffled echoes through the house, and Lindores himself appeared, ghastly indeed as a dead man, but walking upright and firmly, the lines of his face drawn, and his eyes staring. Lord Gowrie uttered a cry. He was more alarmed by this unexpected return than by the helpless prostration of the swoon which he had expected. He recoiled from his son as if he too had been a spirit. "Lindores!" he cried; was it Lindores, or some one else in his place? The boy seemed as if he did not see him. He went straight forward to where the water stood on the dusty table, and took a great draught, then turned to the door. "Lindores!" said his father, in miserable anxiety; "don't you know me?" Even then the young man only half looked at him, and put out a hand almost as cold as the hand that had clutched himself in the secret chamber; a faint smile came upon his face. "Don't stay here," he whispered; "come! come!"

Lord Gowrie drew his son's arm within his own, and felt the thrill through and through him of nerves strained beyond mortal strength. He could scarcely keep up with him as he stalked along the corridor to his room, stumbling as if he could not see, yet swift as an arrow. When they reached his room he turned and closed and locked the door, then laughed as he staggered to the bed. "That will not keep him out, will it?" he said.

"Lindores," said his father, "I expected to find you unconscious, I am almost more frightened to find you like this. I need not ask if you have seen him —"

"Oh, I have seen him. The old liar! Father, promise to expose him, to turn him out — promise to clear out that accursed old nest! It is our own fault. Why have we left such a place shut out from the eye of day? Isn't there something in the Bible about those who do evil hating the light?"

"Lindores! you don't often quote the Bible."

"No, I suppose not; but there is more truth in — many things than we thought."

"Lie down," said the anxious father. "Take some of this wine — try to sleep."

"Take it away; give me no more of that devil's drink. Talk to me — that's better. Did you go through it all the same, poor

papa? — and hold me fast. You are warm — you are honest!" he cried. He put forth his hands over his father's, warming them with the contact. He put his cheek like a child against his father's arm. He gave a faint laugh, with the tears in his eyes. "Warm and honest," he repeated. "Kind flesh and blood! and did you go through it all the same?"

"My boy!" cried the father, feeling his heart glow and swell over the son who had been parted from him for years by that development of young manhood and ripening intellect which so often severs and loosens the ties of home. Lord Gowrie had felt that Lindores half despised his simple mind and duller imagination; but this childlike clinging overcame him, and tears stood in his eyes. "I fainted, I suppose. I never knew how it ended. They made what they liked of me. But you, my brave boy, you came out of your own will."

Lindores shivered. "I fled!" he said. "No honor in that. I had not courage to face him longer. I will tell you by-and-by. But I want to know about you."

What an ease it was to the father to speak! For years and years this had been shut up in his breast. It had made him lonely in the midst of his friends.

"Thank God," he said, "that I can speak to you, Lindores. Often and often I have been tempted to tell your mother. But why should I make her miserable? She knows there is something; she knows when I see him, but she knows no more."

"When you see him?" Lindores raised himself, with a return of his first ghastly look, in his bed. Then he raised his clenched fist wildly, and shook it in the air. "Vile devil, coward, deceiver!"

"Oh hush, hush, hush, Lindores! God help us! what troubles you may bring!"

"And God help me, whatever troubles I bring," said the young man. "I defy him, father. An accursed being like that must be less, not more powerful, than we are — with God to back us. Only stand by me: stand by me —"

"Hush, Lindores! You don't feel it yet — never to get out of hearing of him all your life! He will make you pay for it — if not now, after; when you remember he is there, whatever happens, knowing everything! But I hope it will not be so bad with you as with me, my poor boy. God help you indeed if it is, for you have more imagination and more mind. I am able to forget him sometimes when I am occupied — when in the hunting-field, going across country. But you are not a

hunting man, my poor boy," said Lord Gowrie, with a curious mixture of a regret, which was less serious than the other. Then he lowered his voice. "Lindores, this is what has happened to me since the moment I gave him my hand."

"I did not give him my hand."

"You did not give him your hand? God bless you, my boy! You stood out?" he cried, with tears again rushing to his eyes; "and they say—they say—but I don't know if there is any truth in it." Lord Gowrie got up from his son's side, and walked up and down with excited steps. "If there should be truth in it! Many people think the whole thing is a fancy. If there should be truth in it, Lindores!"

"In what, father?"

"They say, if he is once resisted his power is broken—once refused. *You* could stand against him—you! Forgive me, my boy, as I hope God will forgive me, to have thought so little of his best gifts," cried Lord Gowrie, coming back with wet eyes; and stooping, he kissed his son's hand. "I thought you would be more shaken by being more mind than body," he said, humbly. "I thought if I could but have saved you from the trial; and *you* are the conqueror!"

"Am I the conqueror? I think all my bones are broken, father—out of their sockets," said the young man, in a low voice. "I think I shall go to sleep."

"Yes, rest, my boy. It is the best thing for you," said the father, though with a pang of momentary disappointment. Lindores fell back upon the pillow. He was so pale that there were moments when the anxious watcher thought him not sleeping but dead. He put his hand out feebly, and grasped his father's hand. "Warm—honest," he said, with a feeble smile about his lips, and fell asleep.

The daylight was full in the room, breaking through shutters and curtains, and mocking at the lamp that still flared on the table. It seemed an emblem of the disorders, mental and material, of this strange night; and, as such, it affected the plain imagination of Lord Gowrie, who would have fain got up to extinguish it, and whose mind returned again and again, in spite of him, to this symptom of disturbance. By-and-by, when Lindores' grasp relaxed, and he got his hand free, he got up from his son's bedside, and put out the lamp, putting it carefully out of the way. With equal care he put away the wine from the table, and gave the room its ordinary aspect, softly opening a window

to let in the fresh air of the morning. The park lay fresh in the early sunshine, still, except for the twittering of the birds, refreshed with dews, and shining in that soft radiance of the morning which is over before mortal cares are stirring. Never, perhaps, had Gowrie looked out upon the beautiful world around his house without a thought of the weird existence which was going on so near to him, which had gone on for centuries, shut up out of sight of the sunshine. The secret chamber had been present with him since ever he saw it. He had never been able to get free of the spell of it. He had felt himself watched, surrounded, spied upon, day after day, since he was of the age of Lindores, and that was thirty years ago. He turned it all over in his mind, as he stood there and his son slept. It had been on his lips to tell it all to his boy, who had now come to inherit the enlightenment of his race. And it was a disappointment to him to have it all forced back again, and silence imposed upon him once more. Would he care to hear it when he woke? would he not rather, as Lord Gowrie remembered to have done himself, thrust the thought as far as he could away from him, and endeavor to forget for the moment—until the time came when he would not be permitted to forget? He had been like that himself, he recollected now. He had not wished to hear his own father's tale. "I remember," he said to himself; "I remember"—turning over everything in his mind—if Lindores might only be willing to hear the story when he woke! But then he himself had not been willing when he was Lindores, and he could understand his son, and could not blame him; but it would be a disappointment. He was thinking this when he heard Lindores' voice calling him. He went back hastily to his bedside. It was strange to see him in his evening dress with his worn face, in the fresh light of the morning, which poured in at every crevice. "Does my mother know?" said Lindores; "what will she think?"

"She knows something; she knows you have some trial to go through. Most likely she will be praying for us both; that's the way of women," said Lord Gowrie, with the tremulous tenderness which comes into a man's voice sometimes when he speaks of a good wife. "I'll go and ease her mind, and tell her all is well over—"

"Not yet. Tell me first," said the young man, putting his hand upon his father's arm.

What an ease it was! "I was not so good to my father," he thought to himself, with sudden penitence for the long-past, long-forgotten fault, which, indeed, he had never realized as a fault before. And then he told his son what had been the story of his life—how he had scarcely ever sat alone without feeling, from some corner of the room, from behind some curtain, those eyes upon him; and how, in the difficulties of his life, that secret inhabitant of the house had been present, sitting by him and advising him. "Whenever there has been anything to do: when there has been a question between two ways, all in a moment I have seen him by me: I feel when he is coming. It does not matter where I am—here or anywhere—as soon as ever there is a question of family business; and always he persuades me to the wrong way, Lindores. Sometimes I yield to him, how can I help it? He makes everything so clear; he makes wrong seem right. If I have done unjust things in my day——"

"You have not, father."

"I have: there were these Highland people I turned out. I did not mean to do it, Lindores; but he showed me that it would be better for the family. And my poor sister that married Tweedside and was wretched all her life. It was his doing, that marriage; he said she would be rich, and so she was, poor thing, poor thing! and died of it. And old Macalister's lease—Lindores, Lindores! when there is any business it makes my heart sick. I know he will come, and advise wrong, and tell me—something I will repent after."

"The thing to do is to decide beforehand, that, good or bad, you will not take his advice."

Lord Gowrie shivered. "I am not strong like you, or clever; I cannot resist. Sometimes I repent in time and don't do it; and then! But for your mother and your children, there is many a day I would not have given a farthing for my life."

"Father," said Lindores, springing from his bed, "two of us together can do many things. Give me your word to clear out this cursed den of darkness this very day."

"Lindores, hush, hush, for the sake of heaven!"

"I will not, for the sake of heaven! Throw it open—let everybody who likes see it—make an end of the secret—pull down everything, curtains, wall. What do you say?—sprinkle holy water? Are you laughing at me?"

"I did not speak," said Earl Gowrie, growing very pale, and grasping his son's arm with both his hands. "Hush, boy; do you think he does not hear?"

And then there was a low laugh close to them—so close that both shrank; a laugh no louder than a breath.

"Did you laugh—father?"

"No, Lindores." Lord Gowrie had his eyes fixed. He was as pale as the dead. He held his son tight for a moment; then his gaze and his grasp relaxed, and he fell back feebly in a chair.

"You see!" he said; "whatever we do it will be the same; we are under his power."

And then there ensued the blank pause with which baffled men confront a hopeless situation. But at that moment the first faint stirrings of the house—a window being opened, a bar undone, a movement of feet, and subdued voices—became audible in the stillness of the morning. Lord Gowrie roused himself at once.

"We must not be found like this," he said; "we must not show how we have spent the night. It is over, thank God! and oh, my boy, forgive me! I am thankful there are two of us to bear it; it makes the burden lighter—though I ask your pardon humbly for saying so. I would have saved you if I could, Lindores."

"I don't wish to have been saved; but I will not bear it. I will end it," the young man said, with an oath out of which his emotion took all profanity. His father said, "Hush, hush." With a look of terror and pain, he left him; and yet there was a thrill of tender pride in his mind. How brave the boy was! even after he had been *there*. Could it be that this would all come to nothing, as every other attempt to resist had done before?

"I suppose you know all about it now, Lindores," said his friend Ffarrington, after breakfast; "luckily for us who are going over the house. What a glorious old place it is!"

"I don't think that Lindores enjoys the glorious old place to-day," said another of the guests under his breath. "How pale he is! He doesn't look as if he had slept."

"I will take you over every nook where I have ever been," said Lindores. He looked at his father with almost command in his eyes. "Come with me, ail of you. We shall have no more secrets here."

"Are you mad?" said his father in his ear.

"Never mind," cried the young man.

"Oh, trust me; I will do it with judgment. Is everybody ready?" There was an excitement about him that half frightened, half roused the party. They all rose, eager, yet doubtful. His mother came to him and took his arm.

"Lindores! you will do nothing to vex your father; don't make him unhappy. I don't know your secrets, you two; but look, he has enough to bear."

"I want you to know our secrets, mother. Why should we have secrets from you?"

"Why, indeed?" she said, with tears in her eyes. "But, Lindores, my dearest boy, don't make it worse for *him*."

"I give you my word, I will be wary," he said; and she left him to go to his father, who followed the party, with an anxious look upon his face.

"Are you coming, too?" he asked.

"I? No; I will not go: but trust him—trust the boy, John."

"He can do nothing; he will not be able to do anything," he said.

And thus the guests set out on their round—the son in advance, excited and tremulous, the father anxious and watchful behind. They began in the usual way, with the old state rooms and picture-gallery; and in a short time the party had half forgotten that there was anything unusual in the inspection. When, however, they were half-way down the gallery, Lindores stopped short with an air of wonder. "You have had it put back then?" he said. He was standing in front of the vacant space where Earl Robert's portrait ought to have been. "What is it?" they all cried, crowding upon him, ready for any marvel. But as there was nothing to be seen, the strangers smiled among themselves. "Yes, to be sure, there is nothing so suggestive as a vacant place," said a lady who was of the party. "Whose portrait ought to be there, Lord Lindores?"

He looked at his father, who made a slight assenting gesture, then shook his head drearily.

"Who put it there?" Lindores said, in a whisper.

"It is not there; but you and I see it," said Lord Gowrie, with a sigh.

Then the strangers perceived that something had moved the father and the son, and, notwithstanding their eager curiosity, obeyed the dictates of politeness, and dispersed into groups looking at the other pictures. Lindores set his teeth and clenched his hands. Fury was growing upon him—not the awe that filled his

father's mind. "We will leave the rest of this to another time," he cried, turning to the others, almost fiercely. Come, I will show you something more striking now." He made no further pretence of going systematically over the house. He turned and went straight up-stairs, and along the corridor. "Are we going over the bedrooms?" some one said. Lindores led the way straight to the old lumber-room, a strange place for such a gay party. The ladies drew their dresses about them. There was not room for half of them. Those who could get in began to handle the strange things that lay about, touching them with dainty fingers, exclaiming how dusty they were. The window was half blocked up by old armor and rusty weapons; but this did not hinder the full summer daylight from penetrating in a flood of light. Lindores went in with fiery determination on his face. He went straight to the wall, as if he would go through, then paused with a blank gaze. "Where is the door?" he said.

"You are forgetting yourself," said Lord Gowrie, speaking over the heads of the others. "Lindores! you know very well there never was any door there; the wall is very thick; you can see by the depth of the window. There is no door there."

The young man felt it over with his hand. The wall was smooth, and covered with the dust of ages. With a groan he turned away. At this moment a suppressed laugh, low, yet distinct, sounded close by him. "You laughed?" he said, fiercely, to Ffarrington, striking his hand upon his shoulder.

"I—laughed! Nothing was farther from my thoughts," said his friend, who was curiously examining something that lay upon an old carved chair. "Look here! what a wonderful sword, cross-hilted! Is it an Andrea? What's the matter, Lindores?"

Lindores had seized it from his hands; he dashed it against the wall with a suppressed oath. The two or three people in the room stood aghast.

"Lindores!" his father said, in a tone of warning. The young man dropped the useless weapon with a groan. "Then God help us!" he said; "but I will find another way."

"There is a very interesting room close by," said Lord Gowrie, hastily—"this way! Lindores has been put out by—some changes that have been made without his knowledge," he said, calmly. "You must not mind him. He is disappointed.

He is perhaps too much accustomed to have his own way."

But Lord Gowrie knew that no one believed him. He took them to the adjoining room, and told them some easy story of an apparition that was supposed to haunt it. "Have you ever seen it?" the guests said, pretending interest. "Not I; but we don't mind ghosts in this house," he answered, with a smile. And then they resumed their round of the old noble mystic house.

I cannot tell the reader what young Lindores has done to carry out his pledged word and redeem his family. It may not be known, perhaps, for another generation, and it will not be for me to write that concluding chapter: but when, in the ripeness of time, it can be narrated, no one will say that the mystery of Gowrie Castle has been a vulgar horror, though there are some who are disposed to think so now.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THE period of English poetry which lies between the decline of Ben Jonson and the rise of Dryden was ruled with undisputed sway by a man whose works are now as little read as those of any fifteenth Elizabethan dramatist. During the whole lifetime of Milton, the fame of that glorious poet was obscured and dwarfed by the exaggerated reputation of this writer, and so general and so unshaken was the belief in the lyrists of the day, that a royalist gentleman of Cambridge or an exiled courtier at Paris in the year 1650 would have laughed in your face, had you suggested that time could ever wither the deathless laurels of Mr. Cowley, or untune the harmonies of his majestic numbers. Yet in a very short space this work of destruction was most thoroughly done. The generation of Dryden admired his genius passionately, but not without criticism. The generation of Pope praised him coldly, but without reading him, and within fifty years of his own decease this nonpareil of the Restoration fell into total disfavor and oblivion. With the revival of naturalistic poetry, the lyrists and dramatists of the reign of Charles I. came once more into favor. Crashaw, Quarles, Lovelace, martyrs, pietists, and rakes, all the true children of the Muses, whatever their mode or matter, were restored and reprinted. Not these only, but some very

small and unattractive talents have lately been presented anew to the public; but Cowley, the one representative genius of the age, as his contemporaries supposed, still lacks an editor who will collect his scattered works and give him the chance of a new lease of life. His prose essays, it must be acknowledged, have held their ground in our literature, but as a poet he is a dead name, or living only in depreciation and ridicule. We hope to show that, however great his faults, this depreciation is unjust and this ridicule absurd, and in doing so it will be necessary to solve two questions — why Cowley ever attained so immense a poetic reputation, and why, having once gained it, he has so completely lost it.

A wealthy citizen of London, stationer or grocer, dying in the summer of 1618, left a sum of 1000*l.* to be divided among his six children and one other not yet born. In the autumn of the year this latter heir appeared, and was christened Abraham Cowley. We, looking back upon the history of the time, see that it was a period of rapid poetic decadence into which this baby was born. Shakespeare was dead; Jonson and the philosophic poets, to whom the newly awakened brain was to be so intimately indebted, were already past middle life. The years directly after the birth of Cowley were to be darkened by the deaths of many poets, but none were to be born, except Marvell, Vaughan, and, much later, Dryden, for nearly forty years. Of his immediate compeers, Milton was ten years of age, Denham three, Suckling nine years, and Lovelace only a few weeks older than himself. We know nothing of his early childhood but what he has himself told us with a charming simplicity — namely, that his mother's parlor was full of works of devotion, among which he was so fortunate as to find a copy of "The Faery Queen." This became his continual reading, and, without much understanding of the matter, he became so interpenetrated with the delicious recurrence of the rhyme and rhythm that he insensibly was made a poet. Before he was twelve years old he had read the entire works of Spenser. So much he himself tells us, but there can be no doubt to those who study his earliest writings that the magic of another name was added to the charm that woke him into verse. At ten years of age, the child composed an epical romance of "Pyramus and Thisbe," which is one of the most extraordinary instances of precocity in the whole annals of literature. Indeed, to find a

parallel to it, we must leave the art of poetry altogether, and note what was done by Mozart in music, or Lucas van Leyden in engraving. But this was but the prelude to fresh infantine exertions. The precocious boy was very early sent to Westminster School, and his intense interest in versification and the grace and charm of his manners won him many friends and patrons. To his schoolfellows he might well seem the prodigy that we know they considered him, and the masters of the school, with a gentleness unusual in those austerer times, encouraged his continued production of verses. In 1630, two years after composing "Pyramus and Thisbe," he attempted a bolder flight in his little epic of "Constantia and Philetus," being then twelve years of age, and by the year 1633 he had accumulated such a store of poems that his friends determined to hide the treasure no longer from the world.

The first edition of the "Poetical Blossoms, by A. C.," is a charming little quarto of thirty two leaves. It is now one of the chief prizes of book-hunters, and a great bibliographical rarity. It ought to possess, what is often lost, a large portrait of the author at the age of thirteen, as the frontispiece. Referring to this volume in after life, Cowley spoke of it as published at the age of thirteen, in all probability recollecting and being misled by this portrait; and this error has been repeated ever since. As a matter of fact, however, he was in his fifteenth year. It opens with a pompous little invocation to the Muse Melpomene, and is then introduced to the public, after the fashion of the day, by commendatory verses signed by two schoolfellows. One of these, Robert Meade, became a man of some note, and, twenty years after this, a candidate himself for poetic honors in his comedy of "The Combat between Friendship and Love." Cowley's contributions are five in number, "Constantia and Philetus," "Pyramus and Thisbe," "Elegy on the Death of Dudley, Lord Carlton," "Elegy on Mr. Richard Clark," and "A Dream of Elysium."

Let any reader of "Pyramus and Thisbe" consider how naïve, artless, and infantine are the writings of the very cleverest child of ten that he has ever known when compared with this first work of Cowley's. After more than two hundred years it remains still readable—much more readable, in fact, than many of its author's more elaborate poems of maturity. The story of that "palpable-gross play" that

well beguiled Theseus and Hippolyta to laughter, is here told in all tragic seriousness, but not without several signs, such as "the sucking of odoriferous breath," that show Cowley to have been familiar with the drama so unsuccessfully produced at Athens with Bottom for the heroine. The boy-poet has been ambitious enough to invent a new stanza, and a rather good one too, as will be acknowledged from this example. Thisbe finds Pyramus dead, and after tearing her golden hair—

She blames all-powerful Jove, and strives to take

His bleeding body from the moistened ground;

She kisses his pale face till she doth make
It red with kissing, and then seeks to wake

His parting soul with mournful words, his wound

Washes with tears that her sweet voice confound.

"Pyramus and Thisbe" is a work which few of the adult poets of that day would have been ashamed of writing. It contains mistakes of rhyme and grammar that might be so easily corrected that they form an interesting proof that the poem was not touched up for the press by older hands, but in other respects it is smooth and singularly mature. The heroic verse in which it is written is nerveless, but correct, and the story is told in a straightforward way, and with a regular progress, that are extraordinary in so young a child. One conceit is startling enough to be commemorated:—

Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find:
Occasion once past by, is bald behind.

But no other such absurdity occurs in the whole of the fifty-three stanzas.

The amazing promise of "Pyramus and Thisbe" is hardly justified by the cleverness of the poem written two years later, "Constantia and Philetus." There is here hardly any sign at all of immaturity, but a far worse fault than childishness has stepped in. Instead of being like the puerile poem of a little boy, it is like the correct and tedious work of some man that never can be famous. In point of grammar and rhyme there is a great advance apparent, and we see the justice of the pretty phrase Cowley afterwards used in speaking of these juvenile pieces, "that even so far backward there remain yet some traces of me in the little footsteps of a child;" for the language has already begun to take the same ingenious turns and involutions that characterize "The Mistress" and the "Odes." It is in-

deed singular that, at the age of twelve, the child should be so much the father of the man as to produce this most Cowleyan stanza, illustrative of the author's high-flown rhetoric as much as those I have just referred to are of his ingenuity:—

Oh! mighty Cupid! whose unbounded sway
Hath often ruled the Olympian Thunderer,
Whom all celestial deities obey,
Whom men and gods both reverence and
fear!

Oh, force Constantia's heart to yield to love,
Of all thy works the Master-piece 'twill prove.

"Constantia and Philetus" is an extremely tragical tale, not so briefly or so simply told as "Pyramus and Thisbe," and is padded out by "songs" and "letters" to the extent of nearly seven hundred lines, an extraordinary feat, of course, for so young a child. Of the other pieces in the volume, the "Elegy on Dudley, Lord Carlton," an imitation of Ben Jonson, must date from the year of that statesman's death, 1631; "The Dream of Elysium" is almost a very charming reverie on the poets of old and the dreams of neo-pagan romance; we say "almost," for something of the essence of poetry is wanting.

While Cowley was posing as the child-genius at Westminster, a youth ten years his senior was about to retire to a solitude at Horton which was to enrich English poetry with some of its most exquisite and most perfect treasures. It is possible that the fame of Cowley's precocity had reached the ears of Milton when he lamented, in his first sonnet, that no bud or blossom adorned his late spring, such as endured "more timely-happy spirits." However this may be, we have no reason to prefer to the slow maturity of such a manhood as his the exhausting precocity of Cowley's marvellous boyhood. His contemporaries, however, thought otherwise, and when the "Poetical Blossoms" appeared in 1633 it enjoyed an immediate popularity. A few months earlier, Milton's first printed English verses, the lines on Shakespeare, had appeared in front of the second folio. Whether Ben Jonson, now bedridden and almost blind, but still eager in poetic matters, expressed any favor for the verses of Cowley is not known. But various signs in the writings of the latter tend to show that he was increasingly influenced by the style of Jonson, and anxious to write like one of his poetic "sons." The very year that the public career of Cowley commenced, that of Jonson virtually closed in the publication of "The Tale of a Tub." But Randolph, that ad-

mirable writer and dramatic poet, whose early death cut short a career that promised great things in literature, was continuing the traditions of the school with the utmost brilliance. There can be no doubt that in longing to go to Cambridge, as we know that Cowley did, the desire of associating with Randolph was not the least inducement. His "Love's Riddle" proves that he was familiar with "The Jealous Lovers," printed in 1632. But we shall presently return to this.

Just as Cowley was leaving Westminster to go to Cambridge, in 1636, a second edition of "Poetical Blossoms" was called for, and appeared in a smaller form, much augmented. Among the additions was an ode containing these fine and thoughtful verses, written at the age of thirteen:—

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high;
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill-known.
Rumour can open the grave:
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With nature's hand, not art's; and pleasures
yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

It was for strains of this elevated morality that Cowley won the enthusiastic praise of such later didactic writers as Denham and Roscommon, and in a certain sense originated a school. As an example of another class of gifts, we may read with pleasure the amusing piece called "The Poetical Revenge," the story of which may be here told in prose. Cowley, having made an appointment with a young companion to meet him in Westminster Hall at a certain hour, waited in vain, till he despaired of his friend, and out of curiosity went into one of the courts. Here he found a vacant seat, and made himself at home, when a fellow in a satin suit came and pushed him out. Whereupon Cowley expostulated so loudly that a barrister, "a neat man in a ruff," rose and said, "Boy, get you gone; this is no school!" To which Master Impudence replied, "Oh! no, for if it were, all you gowned men would go up for false Latin!" At this—

The young man
Aforesaid, in the satin suit, began
To strike me; doubtless there had been a fray
Had I not providently skipped away,
Without replying,

but not without inwardly murmuring this
curse:—

May he
Be by his father in his study took
At Shakespeare's Plays, instead of my Lord
Coke.

The additional poems are all far better than the first infantine verses. There is more eloquence, more enthusiasm, more power, and some of the odes are fully worthy, at least in extract, of a place in all collections of English poetry. They breathe a great pride in the art of poesy, great desire for and confidence of fame, and a scholastic turn of mind.

'Tis not a pyramid of marble stone,

Though high as our ambition;

'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can

Give life to the ashes of a man,

But verses only.

Throughout Cowley's life, however occupied with courtly intrigue or with public duty, he never failed to be true to this boyish declaration of faith.

He was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and proceeded thither with the MS. of his pastoral drama of "Love's Riddle," written about the age of sixteen, in his pocket. Though Randolph was unhappily dead, there were others who would welcome the boy-genius to the banks of the Cam. Suckling, Cleveland, Fanshawe, and Crashaw were all at Cambridge; and with the last of these, at any rate, he struck up an immediate friendship. It is probable also that the needy and forlorn Butler, in some obscure corner of a college, was picking up such odd scraps of learning as vary the pages of "Hudibras." Cowley, with a different fate, came into port with flowing sails, and lost no time in winning a position. In 1637 a third edition of the "Poetical Blossoms" was published, and in 1638 his pastoral comedy of "Love's Riddle." This made what was then considered a very dainty little volume, adorned with a portrait of the young author, pretty but pertly smiling, while a florid angel descends from heaven with a great quill pen in one hand, and in the other a garland of laurel that he lays on the flowing silky locks. A prologue to Sir Kenelm Digby apologizes that

The style is low, such as you'll easily take
For what a swain might say or a boy make.

This boyish drama is one of the most readable things that Cowley ever executed, and is in distinct following, without imitation, of Randolph's "Jealous Lovers." It is written in good blank verse, with considerable sprightliness of dialogue, and with several threads of intrigues that are held well in hand, and drawn skilfully together at last. Callidora, the heroine, flies from her father's court, and Act I. describes her arrival and welcome by some vulgar but amusing shepherds; the next act shows how anguished at her loss every one at her father's court is, but especially her lover Philistes; and the rest of the action, of course, records the vicissitudes that prevent their reunion until the fifth act. I have no space to quote, but may in passing be permitted to refer to the last scene of the second act, as containing a passage of genuine and delightful humor. In "Love's Riddle" there is much, as I have said, to praise; but there is an absence of many qualities that Cowley never possessed, and which are essential to pastoral poetry. There is no genuine passion; no knowledge of the phenomena of nature, no observant love of birds or flowers or the beauties of country life. All the exquisite touches that illuminate the "Faithful Shepherdess" are eminently absent; nor have we in the precocious humor of the world-wise boy any equivalent for the sweet garrulous music of Chalkhill or Browne.

In February of the same year, 1638, was published a five-act Latin comedy, "*Naufragium Jocularis*," in prose and verse, the scene laid at Dunkirk, but the style and persons strictly imitative of Plautus. In emulation of the *Miles Gloriosus*, there is a loud boasting soldier named Bombardomachides! Later on in 1638, Cowley completed his twentieth year. At the age when youths of talent are usually beginning to dream of future enterprise, he found himself an admired and popular poet, author of three successful works, and highly esteemed as a rising scholar. With long fair hair falling on his shoulders, and with a fresh, intelligent face, he must without doubt have been an elegant youth in the fashion of the day, even if with none of the superlative beauty of John Milton, "the Lady of Trinity." With all the adulation which he received, his sensible young head does not seem to have been turned. Past all the praises of the present, he looked wistfully forward into the future; and with some inkling, perhaps, that his fine talents could not promise the lasting crown he sought for,

he set himself the memorable enigma that commences his "Miscellanies": —

What shall I do to be forever known
And make the age to come my own?

With these same "Miscellanies" and with the preparation of the volume called "The Mistress" he seems to have been quietly and happily occupied until the breaking out of the civil war. We can at all events affix dates to the elegies on Sir Henry Wootton (1636) and Sir Anthony Vandyke (1641), each displaying increased facility in skilful employment of the heroic couplet. The visit of Prince Charles to Cambridge in 1641 gave occasion to the production of a more bulky work. In a great hurry Cowley was called upon to write a comedy, and "The Guardian," an ill-digested, unrevised performance, was acted before his Royal Highness on March 12. The prologue fiercely satirized the Roundheads, and sneered at Prynne, who had just published his ridiculous Jersey poem of "Mont-Orgueil." The farcical part of the piece is in prose, but the grand personages, Lucia and her lover Trueman Junior, talk in blank verse. The part of a poet, Doggrell, is amusing, but insisted on too much. One sentence put into the mouth of a girl, Aurelia, is worth recording: —

I shall never hear my virginals when I play upon 'em, for her daughter Tabitha's singing of psalms; the first pious deed will be to banish Shakespeare and Ben Jonson out of the parlor, and to bring in their rooms Marprelate and Prynne's works.

"The Guardian" was never included in the works of Cowley, and underwent some curious vicissitudes. It was not printed until 1650, when its author was in exile in Paris, and this, apparently, unauthorized edition is very rare. When Cowley returned to England, he entirely rewrote the play in the year 1658, and it was brought out on the stage as "The Cutter of Coleman Street," but proved a complete failure. Cowley finally tried the effect of his piece in print by publishing it in 1663 but again to receive the disapproval of the critics.

Happy in his work at the university, and in his newly attained fellowship, the young poet was busy on many literary schemes, and mainly on an epic, the "Davideis," on the sorrows and victories of King David, when the great civil war broke upon him like a wave. After the indecisive battle of Edge Hill, Oxford became for a while the headquarters of the

royalists. Thither Crashaw had already gone, in 1641, and Cowley was now fain to follow. Cambridge was now no longer a bed of roses to a royalist poet, and Cowley "was soon torn thence by that public violent storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest, for I was cast by it into the favor of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses of the world." These were Lord Falkland and Queen Henrietta Maria, to whom the sobriety and excellent fidelity of Cowley pointed him out as a fit staff to lean upon in such perilous times. Yet it was not in him not to cling to scholarship, and for two years more, or somewhat less, he pursued his studies at Oxford with no less ardor than before at Cambridge. But Newbury shook and Marston Moor broke the hopes of the Cavaliers. The queen fled to Paris, and Cowley followed her, leaving the Earl of Manchester and his Puritan divines to purge the university and eject the sixty-five fellows of whom Crashaw was one. The melancholy mystic repaired, like our poet, to Paris, where in 1646 Cowley found him in utter destitution, and, with characteristic warmth of heart, insisted on laboring for his relief. In the mean time Cowley himself was on terms of confidential intimacy with the queen and the heads of her party. All his time and thought was dedicated to delicate diplomacy, and he was despatched to various parts of Jersey, Scotland, Flanders, and Holland on private State business. But when the king was given up by the Presbyterians into the custody of Cromwell, in 1647, Cowley was recalled to Paris to undertake a yet more onerous duty. To no one less trustworthy than himself would Henrietta Maria delegate the preparation of those letters in cipher by means of which she communicated with her husband till his execution in 1649. Cowley was next occupied in corresponding with the leaders of royalist reaction in Scotland and Ireland. But when the young king Charles took refuge in Holland, and the Anglo-Parisian court was in some measure broken up, it was suggested that Cowley should return to England, "and, under pretence of privacy and retirement, should take occasion of giving notice of the posture of things in this country." He was immediately caught, however, and imprisoned, apparently in the year 1655; nor did he regain

his liberty on a less bail than of 1,000*l*. At Cromwell's death in 1658 he ventured back into France, and remained there until the restoration.

In the course of eighteen years of enforced inaction, much had occurred to literary men, though little in literature itself. Just before the civil war broke out, a whole group of eminent dramatists, among whom may be named Jonson, Ford, Massinger, Field, and Carew, had passed away. The years of contention saw the deaths of Suckling, Cartwright, Quarles, and Drummond. In 1650 Cowley's dear friend and brother, Richard Crashaw, had breathed his last at the shrine of Loretto. A new generation had meanwhile been born — Shadwell, Wycherley, Southerne, and Otway. Even in the civil wars, moreover, poetry was read and published. In 1647, the year before the "*Hesperides*" was brought out, an edition, probably pirated, of Cowley's love-cycle, called "*The Mistress*," was issued in England. From the last of these pieces we learn, or are intended to believe, that Cowley wrote them in three years, during which time he was tormented with a love-passion that he saw at last to be hopeless. It is just possible that, like Waller, he was really devoted to some lady of rank beyond his reach, but the poems themselves breathe no ardor or tenderness, and such a supposition is directly at variance with his own singularly frank exposition of the genesis of the book. "*Poets*," he says, "are scarce thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to love. Sooner or later they must all pass through their trial, like some Mahometan monks that are bound by their order, once at least in their life, to make a pilgrimage to Mecca." "*The Mistress*" was fated to become one of the most admired books of the age. It was a pocket compendium of the science of being ingenious in affairs of the heart; and its purity and scholastic phrase recommended it to many who were no judges of poetry, but very keen censors of sobriety. To us it is the most unreadable production of its author, dry and tedious, without tenderness, without melancholy, without music. Here and there we find a good rhetorical line, such as,

Love is the soul of body and soul of me;

and, what is very curious, almost all the pieces lead off with a sonorous and well-turned phrase. But not one is readable throughout; not one is even ridiculous enough for quotation. All are simply

dull, overloaded with ingenious prosaic fancy, and set to eccentric measures of the author's invention, that but serve to prove his metrical ineptitude. It is not correct to say that these poems continue and cultivate to excess the over-ornate style of the philosophical poets of the generation before. When Habington loads his pages with tasteless conceits, he over-colors his style in the manner learned from Ilyly, Marini, and Gongora. So Donne, in a more brilliant and masculine way, errs in the introduction of unsuitable and monstrous ornament. But Cowley is hardly ornamented at all, and his heresy is not so much that of Marini as that of the inflated, prosaic French poets of the class of Saint Amant. He seizes an idea, perhaps sensible, perhaps preposterous, but in no case beautiful; he clothes this idea with illustration, drawn, not from external nature or objects of any kind, but from the supposed phenomena of the human mind. I think we can trace all this pedantic ingenuity to the personal training and example of Dr. Henry More, who was the great oracle of English Platonism at Cambridge during Cowley's residence there, and whose extraordinary volume of "*Philosophical Poems*," published in 1640, may, I think, be constantly found reflected in the lyrics of the younger poet. And in considering why these poems of Cowley's were popular, we must not forget to note that the prose writings of More and others of his stamp were greatly delighted in by the seventeenth century, and now entirely unread. The taste for these ingenuities and paradoxical turns of thought came like a disease, and passed away. So Cowley, who confidently believed that time to come would admit him to have been "*Love's last and greatest prophet*," and who was quoted as having written what ensphered the whole world of love, is now justly denied the humblest place among the erotic poets. One piece alone must be excepted in this sweeping condemnation. The poem called "*The Wish*" is so simple, sincere, and fresh, that we are disposed to wonder at finding so delicious a well in such an arid desert. Thus it begins: —

Well then, I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy,
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the City.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave,
 May I a small house and large garden have !
 And a few friends and many books, both true,
 Both wise, and both delightful too !
 And since Love ne'er will from me flee,
 A mistress moderately fair,
 And good as guardian-angels are,
 Only beloved, and loving me.

The moral purity of Cowley's muse in so licentious a time must not pass without praise, if only to rebut the foolish and fanatic rage of such critics as the Rev. Edmund Elys, who sought, after his death, to persuade the public to the contrary. As a matter of fact, Cowley seldom forgot to write as became a gentleman.

In 1648 a very inferior satire, "The Four Ages of England," and again a piece of doggerel called "A Satire against Separatists," were printed, with the name of Abraham Cowley on the title-pages. With these productions he had nothing to do, nor with the printing of "The Guardian" in 1650. The increased demand for his unpublished writings and the fear of piracy determined him, as soon as he was released on bail, to set about revising his genuine writings for the press. The result was the appearance, in 1656, of a very important volume, "The Works of A. Cowley," in small folio. This contained many things long ago written or imagined, and never before presented to the public. The opening section of the book consisted of the "Miscellanies," poems the composition of which had extended over many years. Among the most notable pieces are "The Motto," an admirable poem on his artistic aspirations and ambitions; "The Ode of Wit," which contains an odd reference to a "Bajazet" on the stage, which seems just too early to be Racine's; a horrid "Ode to Dick, my Friend," which is worthy of study as a perfect summary of Cowley's sins of style; a prettily conceived poem called "Friendship in Absence," which is unhappily spoiled by an inherent wooden ingenuity that never ceases to obtrude itself; "The Chronicle," an amusing *jeu d'esprit*, in which he feigns to make for himself such a list of conquered hearts as Leporello quotes on his master's account in "Don Giovanni;" an epistle to Davenant from Jersey, complimenting him on the publication of "Gondibert," and making fun of Prynne's absurd verses, and finally two really splendid elegies on William Harvey and on Richard Crashaw. These two poems, as perhaps the finest wheat that the winnowing of criticism will finally leave on this wide granary-floor, we must examine

more at leisure. William Harvey, who is not by any means to be confounded with the great physiologist, was a young friend and fellow-student of Cowley's with whom he was on terms of sympathetic and affectionate intimacy. This excellent and gifted lad, like another Hallam, was taken away suddenly by fever in the midst of his hopes and labors. Cowley celebrated his memory in an elegy of unusual directness and tenderness:—

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge,
 say
 Have ye not seen us walking every day?
 Was there a tree about, which did not know
 The love betwixt us two?
 Henceforth, ye gentle trees, forever fade,
 Or your sad branches thicker join
 And into darksome shades combine,
 Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

This seems to prophesy of that later lovely dirge of "Thyrsis," and the tree that knew the soul of the Scholar-Gipsy. Cowley was incapable of long sustaining these level flights, and the poem grows didactic and flat as it proceeds, but gathers fire and force in the last stanza:—

And if the glorious saints cease not to know
 Their wretched friends who fight with life
 below,
 Thy flame to me doth still the same abide,
 Only more pure and rarified.
 There whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,
 Thou dost with holy pity see
 Our dull and earthly poesy
 Where grief and misery can be joined with
 verse.

But the fine elegiac qualities of these memorial verses on Harvey are quickened into ardor, nay, we may almost say fired into rapture, in the lines on the death of Crashaw. In the first case, the poignant regret of an intimate and private sorrow inspired the poem; in the second, the public loss of a poet whom Cowley might be well forgiven for fancying absolutely supreme, combined with personal grief at the loss of a friend. Friendship and poetry were the two subjects that alone set Cowley's peculiar gifts on flame. Languid or insincere on other subjects, on these two he never failed to be eloquent. In the elegy on Crashaw these combined to stimulate his lyric powers to their utmost, and the result was most brilliant. Crashaw, after suffering so much after his ejection from Oxford, had been helped, as we have seen, by the noble exertions of Cowley. Henrietta Maria had gained him a lucrative post in the Vatican or near it,

and in 1650 Crashaw had been made a canon at Loretto, only to die there almost immediately in the sacred precincts. Out-cast and reviled as a renegade clergyman and a Papist, hardly a voice in England was raised to his honor save that of Cowley, who never failed in manly and courageous acts of fidelity. "Poet and saint," he begins, braving all criticism in the outset, thou art now in heaven, companion of the angels, who, when they call on thee for songs, can have no greater pleasure than to hear thine old earthly hymns. "Thy spotless muse," says Cowley, "like Mary, did contain the Godhead;" and did disdain to sing of any lower matter than eternity. In this strain he proceeds half through the elegy, and then in a sudden ecstasy of contemplation he cries:—

How well, blest Swan, did Fate contrive thy death,
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress' arms! thou most divine
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine!
Where like some holy sacrifice to expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire,
Angels, they say, brought the famed chapel
there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through
the air,—
'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and
they
And thou, their charge, went singing all the
way.

But he feels it needful to apologize to the Anglican Church for saying that angels led Crashaw when from her he went, and thus the elegy finally winds up:—

His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right,
And I myself a Catholic will be,
So far, at least, great Saint, to pray to thee.
Hail, Bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us, the poets militant below,
Opposed by our old enemy, adverse Chance,
Attacked by Envy and by Ignorance,
Enchained by Beauty, tortured by Desires,
Exposed by tyrant Love to savage beasts and
fires.

Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst
rise,

And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies,
Elisha-like (but with a wish much less
More fit thy greatness and my littleness)
Lo, here I beg,—I whom thou once didst
prove

So humble to esteem, so good to love,—
Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,
I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me,
And when my Muse soars with so strong a
wing

'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee
to sing.

The reader will not want to be persuaded that these are very exquisite and very brilliant lines. Had Cowley written often in such a nervous strain as this, he had needed no interpreter or apologist to-day; nay more, Dryden, his occupation gone, would have had to pour the vigor of his genius into some other channel. The tenderness of the allusion to Crashaw's sufferings and persecution, the tact and sweetness of the plea for his saintship, the sudden passion of invocation, the modest yet fervent prayer at the close, all these are felicities of the first order of rhetorical poetry.

At the close of the "Miscellanies" were printed, in the volume of 1656, twelve translations or imitations of the "Odes of Anacreon" done into octosyllabic verse, or rather into that iambic measure of either seven or eight syllables, but always of four cadences, which Milton used with such admirable effect in his minor poems and "Comus." Cowley, whose ear was certainly not sensitive, could ill afford to compete with Milton in melody, and made some sad discords with this delicate instrument. Stanley, again, in 1651, had introduced this kind of writing to the public with a great deal of spirit. Still Cowley's "Anacreontics" are frequently pretty and sparkling, and they have been praised even in our own time, at the expense of all his other writings. In this judgment, however, I can by no means coincide.

The second division of the folio is occupied with "The Mistress," reprinted from the edition of 1647. This, again, is followed by the "Pindarique Odes." In publishing these odes Cowley performed a dangerous innovation; nothing at all like these pompous lyrics in *vers libres* had hitherto been attempted or suggested in English. In his preface he acknowledged this with a proud humility characteristic of the man. "I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most readers, nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common roads and ordinary tracks of poesy. The figures are unusual and bold even to temerity, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of poetry: the numbers are various and irregular, and sometimes, especially some of the long ones, seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadences be not observed in the pronunciation. So that almost all their sweetness and numerosity, which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated, lies in a manner wholly at the mercy of the reader." The readers

of the day were very merciful or very uncritical, for it was chiefly on the score of those raucous odes that so many sweet words were said about "the majestic numbers of Mr. Cowley." They became the rage, and founded a whole school of imitators. Bishop Sprat states in his "Life of Cowley" that the poet was set thinking on this style of poetry by finding himself with the works of Pindar in a place where there were no other books. It seems likely that this place was Jersey or some other temporary station of exile, while his headquarters were at Paris. The fashion of irregular inflated verse of a rhetorical character was just coming into fashion in France. Although condemned by Boileau, it was frequently practised by Corneille, and still more characteristically in the last years of Cowley's life, by Racine in "*Esther*" and "*Athalie*." But to Cowley is due the praise of inventing or introducing a style of ode which was a new thing in modern literature, and which took firm hold of our poetry until, in Collins, it received its apotheosis and its death-blow. After a hundred years appeared the "Pindaric Odes" of Grey, the last and greatest follower of Cowley. But though the chaster form of ode designed by Collins from a Greek model has ever since his day ruled in our poetic art, there has always been a tendency to return to the old standard of Cowley. As lately as our own day, Mr. Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" is a specimen of the formless poem of unequal lines and broken stanzas supposed to be in the manner of Pindar, but truly the descendant of our royalist poet's "majestic numbers." Keats, Shelley, and Swinburne, on the other hand, have restored to the ode its harmony and shapeliness. Until the days of Collins, however, the ode modelled upon Cowley was not only the universal medium for congratulatory lyrics and pompous occasional pieces, but it was almost the only variety permitted to the melancholy generations over whom the heroic couplet reigned supreme. Dryden, whose "Song on St. Cecilia's Day" directly imitates Cowley's "Ode on the Resurrection," used it with grand effect for his rolling organ-music. The forgotten lyrist of the Restoration found it a peculiarly convenient instrument in their bound and inflexible fingers. Pope only once seriously diverged from the inevitable couplet, and then to adopt the ode-form of Cowley. Yet so rapidly had the fame of the latter declined that Pope could ask, in 1737,—

Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleasures, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart.

The language of the heart has not much to do with the "Odes" of 1656. They are fifteen in number, and open with two paraphrases of Pindar himself, the second Olympic and the first Nemean. Following these is a praise of "Pindar's Unnavigable Song," in imitation of Horace. The remaining twelve are supposed to be original, but two are taken from the prophetic Scriptures. One on "Destiny" contains the following lines, which form a favorable example of Cowley's style of Pindarizing and of the construction of his odes. In a series of grotesque and rather unseemly images, he declares that he was taken from his mother's childbed by the lyric Muse, and that she addressed him thus, as he lay naked in her hands:—

"Thou of my church shalt be;
Hate and renounce," said she,
"Wealth, honor, pleasures, all the world for me.

Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
Nor at the Exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar.

Content thyself with the small barren praise

That neglected verse doth raise."

She spake, and all my years to come

Took their unlucky doom.

Their several ways of life let others choose,
Their several pleasures let them use,
But I was born for love, and for a Muse.

With fate what boots it to contend?
Such I began, such am, and so must end.

The star that did my being frame

Was but a lambent flame.

And some small light it did dispense,
But neither heat nor influence.

No matter, Cowley, let proud Fortune see
That thou canst her despise no less than she does thee.

Let all her gifts the portion be

Of folly, lust, and flattery,

Fraud, extortion, calumny,

Murder, infidelity,

Rebellion, and hypocrisy.

Do not thou grieve or blush to be

As all the inspired tuneful men,

And all thy great forefathers were from Homer down to Ben.

With such a sonorous alexandrine he loves to wind his odes up in a stormy close. Else, in spite of much well and nobly said, and in spite of occasional lines and couplets such as—

Whether some brave young man's untimely fate

In words worth dying for he celebrate,

which linger in the memory, the grandiose language and the broken versification unite to weary the ear and defy the memory; nor can the "Odes" ever again take a living place in literature. But to the student they are very interesting as the forerunners of a whole current of loud-mouthed lyric invocation not yet silent after more than two centuries.

The folio of 1656 closed with the sacred epic of "The Davideis," on the sorrows and achievements of David. We have already seen that this poem was conceived, and in great part written, while Cowley was at Cambridge. It is in four books, and composed in the heroic couplet, varied with occasional alexandrines, another innovation introduced by Cowley and accepted by Dryden, but excluded from the rules of verse by Pope. The first book of "The Davideis" opens with an invocation, couched in language very similar to that employed in the "Elegy on Crashaw," and bearing internal evidence of being of a later date than the rest of the piece. These lines may be quoted as exceptionally tuneful and earnest:—

Lo, with pure hands thy heavenly fires to take,
My well-changed Muse I a chaste vestal make!
From earth's vain joys, and love's soft witchcraft free,

I consecrate my Magdalene to thee!
Lo, this great work, a temple to thy praise,
On polished pillars of strong verse I raise!

The action commences in hell, where the devil calls for a spirit who will tempt Saul. Envy replies, and her figure is described in lines of great power and realistic horror, which were evidently studied by Milton before he wrote his far finer description of Sin and Death. Envy flies up to Saul's palace, and whispers jealousy of David in his ear.

With that she takes
One of her worst, her best-beloved snakes:
"Softly, dear worm, soft and unseen," said she,
"Into his bosom steal, and in it be
My vice-roy." At that word she took her flight,
And her loose shape dissolved into the night.

We are then transported to heaven, and into the presence of God himself, who sends an angel to David. In consequence, David goes to play before Saul, and Saul in vain tries to kill him. The book closes with a lengthy description of the Prophet's College, which appears to have been closely modelled on the University of Cambridge. In certain passages, such as the pretty description of David and his

wife walking among the lemon-trees, Cowley approaches nearer than usual to a naturalistic style in poetry. The other three books of this epic are tedious and redundant beyond all endurance. It is, in fact, the sort of poem with which, if you sit on the grass in a quiet place some summer afternoon, you cannot by any means fail to slumber soundly. This is indeed its only merit, save that of marking a distinct step in the process of the ossification of the English heroic couplet. I must not omit, however, to acknowledge that in the third book there is a serenade, "Awake, awake, my lyre," which ought to rank among Cowley's most accomplished lyrics. At the end was printed a translation, by the author, of the first book only, into Latin hexameters.

While the volume we have been examining in detail was being prepared for the press, Cowley's position was considered so equivocal, that he was urged, by way of diverting political suspicion, to study for some profession. He chose that of medicine, and although he was now forty years of age, worked like a young student at anatomy and materia medica. In December 1656 he passed a final examination at Oxford, but it does not appear to be recorded whether he ever practised as a physician. The principal consequence of this line of labor was to interest Cowley in botany, which henceforward became increasingly his favorite study. At the death of Cromwell, as we have seen, he took occasion to slip back to his friends in France, and returned in 1660, only just in time to see through the press an "Ode on his Majesty's Restoration and Return," a Pindaric poem of immense length, very bombastic and rhetorical, but no doubt earnest enough, and, for those fulsome times, not extremely grovelling in its address to royalty. It was to be supposed that if any man deserved reward, it was he who with so much purity of purpose and devoted service had given the best years of a flourishing youth to the despairing cause of the king, and who, in spite of all temptations, had never wavered in his active fidelity. But Cowley was not the man to win honors in such a court as that of Charles II. Of austere life, a sincere and even rigid religionist, an earnest lover of scholarship and holy living, he was looked upon with suspicion by the gay butterflies that flocked to Whitehall. Charles himself, who admired his genius and respected his character, was prejudiced against him by spiteful tongues, who pointed to certain pacific passages in his

writings, as if they proved his lukewarmness in the royalist cause. Nothing could be more wantonly unjust. In point of fact, Charles was too ready to embrace his enemies and let his friends shift for themselves. The poets, however, managed to provide for themselves. The easy turncoat, Waller, came skipping back to court; Herrick regained his vicarage, and Roscommon his wealth and influence. "In that year when manna rained on all, why should the Muse's fleece only be dry?" lamented Cowley, who found himself alone unwatered by the golden shower of preferments. In his despair, he had resolved to go to America, and seems to have made arrangements for so doing, when he discovered that his fortunes were at so low an ebb that he had not money enough for the outward voyage. He had two faithful friends, however, Lord St. Albans and the young Duke of Buckingham, afterwards author of "The Rehearsal." By the united efforts of these noblemen, a generous provision was made for the poet, who was by these means relieved from all anxiety, the world being all before him where to choose. In the language of Bishop Sprat, "He was now weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to foreign manners. He was satiated with the arts of court, which sort of life, though his virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. Immediately he gave over all pursuit of honor and riches in a time, when, if any ambitious or covetous thoughts had remained in his mind, he might justly have expected to have them readily satisfied. In his last seven or eight years he was concealed in his beloved obscurity, and possessed that solitude which from his very childhood he had always most passionately desired. Though he had frequent invitations to return into business, yet he never gave ear to any persuasions of profit or preferment. His visits to the city and court were very few; his stays in town were only as a passenger, not as an inhabitant. The places that he chose for the seats of his declining life were two or three villages on the banks of the Thames."

In 1661 he published "A Discourse by Way of Vision concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell," one of his finest prose works, containing several pieces of verses, of no very striking merit; and in 1662 two books of plants in Latin verse, the result of his enthusiastic but somewhat pedantic studies in botany. These

"books" were printed after Cowley's death by Nahum Tate, in an English translation by the latter, by Mrs. Aphra Behn, a great imitator of the style, though not the ethics, of Cowley, and by certain other persons whose names are now forgotten. It must have been about this time that he made the acquaintance of "the matchless Orinda," Mrs. Katherine Philips, with whom he corresponded at great length, and for whom he seems to have shared the popular admiration. Orinda was a poetess of the new school, who preferred force of thinking in poetry before harmony or tenderness of style, and her verses were expressly modelled upon those of Cowley. This remarkable young woman, who was but twenty-nine years of age at the time of the Restoration, had already a great reputation, and Elys declares that Cowley was no less enamored of her poetry than impressed to a still more serious pietism by her devotional austerity. When she died, still young, in 1664, Cowley mourned her in an ode that passes all bounds of discretion and moderation, in which he sets her above Sappho, and, what is still more funny, above Pope Joan! In an ode on her poems, a year earlier, he had paid her a more just, and indeed a very fine compliment, —

I must admire to see thy well-knit sense,
Thy numbers gentle and thy fancies high,
Those as thy forehead smooth, these sparkling
as thine eye.

'Tis solid and 'tis manly all,
Or rather 'tis angelical,
For, as in angels, we
Do in thy verses see

Both improved sexes eminently meet,
They are than Man more strong, and more
than Woman sweet.

In 1663 he reprinted some poems that had appeared in his "Essays on Verse and Prose," with other miscellaneous pieces. The publication of this volume, which he entitled "Verses on Several Occasions," was forced upon him by the piratical printing of a volume of his inedited poems at Dublin. This small quarto contains fourteen copies of verses of an occasional kind. We find an ode on the death of Dr. William Harvey, the great anatomist; an "Ode Sitting and Drinking in the Chair made out of the Relics of Sir Francis Drake's Ship" is a capital instance of the author's fantastic wit. He further included a number of gracefully-turned paraphrases from the Latin poets, particularly Horace, Martial, and Claudian. The solitude he had so long desired suited his body less than his mind, and about the

time that this volume was published, when he was living at Barnes, he fell into a low fever, from which with great difficulty he recovered. He therefore removed, in 1666, to Chertsey, where he took the Porch House, towards the west end of that town, and bought some fields in the vicinity. He seems to have suffered again much during the one winter he spent there, but to have recovered in the spring; but through staying over long in the meadows one summer afternoon, superintending his laborers, he caught a cold, which he neglected. Within a fortnight he died, on July 28, 1667, not having quite completed his forty-eighth year.

With his death his glory flourished. King Charles declared that Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him. On August 3 he was laid in Westminster Abbey, beside the ashes of Chaucer and Spenser. The Earl of Orrery composed a funeral poem, and Sir John Denham, himself in a few months to die, wrote an elegy, beginning, "Old Chaucer, like the morning star," which is quoted in all works on English literature. All the poets of the day wrote "Pindarique Odes," in imitation of the transcendent poet of that form of verse, and his heroic couplet became the despair of all gentlemen who wrote with ease.

He who would worthily adorn his hearse,
Should write in his own way, in his immortal
verse,

said Thomas Higgins, who indited a very good Pindaric ode to his memory. His fame was more materially served by Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, who published a life of Cowley, which is one of the very best examples of memorial prose or elegiac monograph in the language, being pure, elegant, and forcible in style, and full of fine thought. George Duke of Buckingham raised a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and so, crowned with unusual honor, and lighted by the funeral flambeaux of temporal and spiritual peers, this poet also, like his obscurer brethren, went down into the place where all the incidental advantages of life are as if they had not been.

If it be held that the two questions with which I started have not been wholly answered, and that I have still to show why Cowley once was the most popular poet of his age, and why he is now forgotten, a few words may, at all events, suffice to complete the reply. Every student of English poetry will admit that two great opposite influences have alternately ruled

the writers of our verse. Before the age of Elizabeth, it is not quite so easy to mark the difference between the fresh and natural spirit of Chaucer and some of his Scottish followers and the wholly didactic and scholastic spirit of Lydgate, Barclay, and Skelton; but at least from the "Mirror for Magistrates," when poetry once more burst into sudden blossom, and every branch upon every tree rang with melodious voices, it is easy enough to trace down to Herrick the unbroken chain of objective and naturalistic poets, born to teach through singing, and not through rhetoric. With Cowley a wholly new influence came in. From Cowley to Darwin all the poets made oratorical effect take the place of the observation and inspired interpretation of nature. With Collins, through Cowper, and first fully in Wordsworth, there came that return to primal forms and primal feeling which still breathes in our latest poetry. Cowley gave the reading public a new experience. Tired of the exotic and over-jewelled style of the religious and philosophical lyrists, tired of the romantic epic which had slipped from Shakespeare and Marlowe down into such hands as Chamberlayne's, tired of the Cavalier song-writers, who harped forever on the same strained string, and with no ears or hearts for Milton's glorious revival, the public of the day rejoiced in Cowley as Parisian society of a generation before had welcomed Malherbe. Versification had lost all nerve and shape in the lax lips of the last slovenly dramatists. In France the great Corneille was making the stage resound with the harmonious cadences of his heroic couplets; why should not England also aspire to such sublime eloquence, to such chaste numbers? Feeling, passion, romance, color, all these had been poured out so lavishly that the public palate was cloyed with sweetness. The severity of Cowley's writings, their intellectual quality, their cold elevation and dry intelligence, were as charming as they were novel. But the charm was not to last. A far greater man, Dryden, with assimilative genius of the most marvellous kind, was to tarnish the glory of Cowley by sheer superiority of imitation. No form of verse that the elder poet cultivated, with the single exception of the elegy, but was to be carried to far greater perfection in the same line by the younger. Even to the technicality of the occasional use of an alexandrine in heroic verse, Dryden was to illuminate the discoveries of Cowley, not to strike out new paths for himself. Three writers of less influence than Cow-

ley gave in their adherence to the new school, and strengthened the determination of Dryden. These were Davenant in his stilted, Gallicized dramas, Denham in his correct, but cold and measured descriptive poem of "Cooper's Hill," and Waller in his smooth, emasculated lyrics. Neither of these had Cowley's genius or power, but they all had the tact to seize the turn of the tide to put out into new seas. To Cowley, and to Cowley alone, belongs the doubtful honor of inaugurating the reign of didactic and rhetorical poetry in England.

It may be asked, why restore a memory so justly dishonored, why recall to our attention a writer whose verses were but galvanized at the outset, and now are long past all hope of revival? In the first place, if the judgment of a whole generation has unanimously set an unambitious man on a pedestal of supreme reputation, I am more ready to doubt my own perception than to stigmatize so many cultivated persons with folly. No poet universally admired in his own age can be wholly without lasting merit. In the second place, Cowley in particular, whether judged as a man or as a *littérateur*, or even as a poet more or less malformed, has qualities of positive and intrinsic merit. I trust that my citations have at least proved so much. For the rest, I confess that I find a particular fascination in the study of these maimed and broken poets, these well-strung instruments upon whose throbbing strings destiny has laid the pressure of her silencing fingers. The masters of song instil me with a sort of awe. I feel embarrassed when I write of Milton. But Cowley has surely grown humble in the long years of his exile, and he will not exact too much homage from the last of his admirers.

E. W. G.

From The Spectator.

MR. RUSKIN'S LETTER TO YOUNG GIRLS.

MR. RUSKIN has reprinted from a recent number of his curious *Fors Clavigera* a very striking little letter to young girls, which deserves attention on many accounts. In the first place, it is full of that delicately mixed playfulness and *savvy indignatio* against the world as it is, which has always characterized those who have tried to combine the gospel of righteousness with an attempt to interpret the claims of beauty on the human heart. It characterized Socrates. There never was a

more delicate mixture of playful irony with a passionate sense of the interior clingingness of moral evil, than in the Socrates of Plato. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who, in our day, has been the great spokesman of the duty of combining the Greek teaching as to perfection and wholeness of purpose and action, with the Hebrew teaching as to righteousness of life, has shown precisely the same tendency to combine playfulness of manner with a deep belief in the value of self-renunciation or, as he calls it, "the secret of Jesus;" and here we have Mr. Ruskin inculcating in the same breath on young girls the duty of accepting even joyfully their disappointments and troubles, as trials coming straight from the hand of Christ, — teaching them that they must be literally ready to forsake all they have to be Christ's disciples, — and yet enjoining upon them to open their minds to the fullest degree to all the play and humor in life, "to cherish without straining the natural powers of jest in others, and yourselves;" and even inculcating on them that if their parents permit it, they are to dress in bright colors (if becoming), though in plain materials. His style, too, is full of irony. Irony, indeed, appears, in its higher sense, to be of the very soul of Christianity, if only because the teaching that this world is ruled in its minutest details by the divine will, implies in itself so many ulterior and covert meanings for human destiny, — meanings of which the human instruments cannot possibly be conscious. There was assuredly a strange and mystic irony in Christ's words to James and John, when they asked to sit on his right hand and his left in his kingdom, and assured him that they could drink of the cup that he would drink of, and be baptized with the baptism with which he was baptized, and when he, in reply, declared to them that they would indeed drink of that cup and be baptized with that baptism, though in a sense and with results of which they had then no dream. But the irony of prophets of the beautiful has necessarily more of playfulness in it than the irony of the prophets of the good taken alone. The little incongruities of life strike the former as keenly as the greater incongruities of moral paradox. Mr. Ruskin, for instance, not perhaps in the best taste, calls his young friends "little monkeys" when he bids them, whatever they do, not dream of preaching to the poor, of whom, he says, the chances are that they are, without knowing it, infinitely truer Christians than their young-lady patrons; and he evidently

has a very graphic picture in his mind's eye of the naturally didactic redundancy of schoolgirl virtue, when girding itself up to do the work of God. He quizzes, too, not without point, those who go about "with white crosses" "in an offensively celestial uniform, as if it were more *their* business or privilege than it is everybody's to be God's servants." And in general, it may be said that Mr. Ruskin puts his advice to these young girls into a somewhat playfully parabolic form, calling his letter "a splinter of the lance of St. George," — the society which Mr. Ruskin has founded is called the "St. George's Society," — and inveighing against "the present basilisk power of society," — all which, we suppose, he intends his young friends to accept spiritually, and not in its most literal sense. In a word, the first characteristic of Mr. Ruskin's teaching may be said to be that it unites with a very high doctrine of self-renunciation, a strong desire to recommend the constant and very active enjoyment of the brighter side of life, of its glowing colors, its quaint conceits, its ineradicable and sometimes pathetic illusions, its grotesque contrasts. Indeed, the preacher earnestly represents this enjoying spirit as not only perfectly consistent with righteous zeal, but in some sense of positive obligation, if only by way of using reverently a divine gift which, instead of diminishing the earnestness of life, helps to renew and increase it by interrupting that perpetual strain after a single purpose, for which assuredly human nature — at least as we now know it — was never intended.

In the next place, it is remarkable that Mr. Ruskin, though you might have expected him to be more of a disciple of the beautiful and less of a purely spiritual teacher than Mr. M. Arnold, yet, unlike Mr. Arnold, has the religious instinct to see that in pressing self-renunciation — what Mr. Arnold calls "the secret of Jesus" — on his young friends, he must rest it on the same sure foundation on which it was based originally by the Saviour of mankind; that he cannot ask the human conscience to surrender itself to a fate or destiny, or "a stream of tendency not ourselves," with any prospect of turning a habit of surrender directed to such blind agencies as these, into a source of peace and serenity of spirit. Mr. Ruskin makes no such hopeless attempt : —

Keep [he says] absolute calm of temper, under all chances; receiving everything that is provoking or disagreeable to you as coming

directly from Christ's hand; and the more it is like to provoke you, thank him for it the more; as a young soldier would his general for trusting him with a hard place to hold on the rampart. And remember, it does not in the least matter what happens to you, — whether a clumsy schoolfellow tears your dress, or a shrewd one laughs at you, or the governess doesn't understand you. The *one* thing needful is that none of these things should vex you. For your mind, at this time of your youth, is crystallizing like sugar-candy; and the least jar to it flaws the crystal, and that permanently. Say to yourselves every morning, just after your prayers, "Whoso forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple." That is exactly and completely true; meaning, that you are to give all you have to Christ, to take care of for you. Then if He doesn't take care of it, of course you know it wasn't worth anything. And if He takes anything from you, you know you are better without it. You will not, indeed, at your age, have to give up houses, or lands, or boats, or nets; but you may perhaps break your favorite teacup, or lose your favorite thimble, and might be vexed about it, but for this second St. George's precept.

It is striking enough to see that Mr. Ruskin's insight into moral beauty is so deep, that he perceives at once that the whole serenity and joy which accompanies the abandoning of what is precious, however trifling, or however priceless, can only come of the faith that it is abandoned to One who knows exactly what is needful and what is hurtful to those whom he thus asks to abandon it. Without that profound conviction, there might be wisdom, there might be the highest triumph of self-control, there might be the truest economy, in quietly accepting an inevitable loss, but there could not be joy, there could not be inward happiness, there could not be the serenity which comes of following implicitly the guidance of an inexhaustible love, in such an act. Mr. Ruskin sees what Mr. Arnold does not, — that the beauty of this willingness and even gladness to lose, lies entirely in the faith that it is the act of love, and not the mere operation of a law, which demands the sacrifice. True feeling even for beauty will tell us that a light without a source of light, joy without a fountain of joy, peace without an object of trust, is anomalous and unmeaning, warranting not admiration, but aversion. It is wise not to fret at the inevitable; it is noble not to withhold sacrifices which the general well-being calls for; it is brave to make them without hesitation, and without giving more pain than is necessary to those for whom they are made. But it is not wise

to feel the happier because the "stream of tendency not ourselves" has swept a new treasure out of our grasp; it is not noble to persuade ourselves that we are the better for that for which we are the worse; it is not brave to assure our own hearts that we are the richer for being positively poorer. Only if the loss is really balanced by a greater spiritual gain, only if the treasure lost is more than restored by the love of Him who takes it away, is this joy through sorrow, this springing-up of a new gladness in affliction, really reasonable. Mr. Ruskin sees this, which Mr. Matthew Arnold does not see, and it does credit, we think, to that fine instinct for beauty which no one carries on more truly than he does into the region of spiritual imagination.

Finally, it is curious to perceive how even in advice "to young girls," Mr. Ruskin's partly, no doubt, doctrinaire abhorrence of great cities breaks out. Nothing can be better than his advice as to their dress. He encourages them to be gay, he allows them to be swayed by the fluctuating flow and ebb of social taste, though he prohibits their being either expensive, or disposed to follow fashion into its wasteful caprices. But then he teaches even these young girls, so far as he can, to abhor London, as the Jewish prophet taught the women of his people to abhor the Moabitish or Amoritish women:—

Dress as plainly as your parents will allow you, but in bright colors (if they become you), and in the best materials,—that is to say, in those which will wear longest. When you are really in want of a new dress, buy it (or make it) in the fashion; but never quit an old one merely because it has become unfashionable. And if the fashion be costly, you must not follow it. You may wear broad stripes or narrow, bright colors or dark, short petticoats or long—in moderation—as the public wish you, but you must not buy yards of useless stuff to make a knot or a flounce of, nor drag them behind you over the ground; and your walking-dress must never touch the ground at all. I have lost much of the faith I once had in the common sense and even in the personal

delicacy of the present race of average Englishwomen, by seeing how they will allow their dresses to sweep the streets, if it is the fashion to be scavengers. If you can afford it, get your dresses made by a good dressmaker, with utmost attainable precision and perfection; but let this good dressmaker be a poor person, living in the country, not a rich person living in a large house in London. "There are no good dressmakers in the country?" No; but there soon will be, if you obey St. George's orders, which are very strict indeed, about never buying dresses in London. "You bought one there the other day for your own pet!" Yes; but that was because she was a wild Amorite, who had wild Amorites to please; not a companion of St. George.

One does not exactly see why poor dressmakers who live in London are to be punished for living there by getting no employment, unless it be regarded as a sin in itself to live in London, which is probably Mr. Ruskin's real view. He most likely believes society concentrated in such great masses as the great towns collect to be entirely incapable of any true organization; and wishes, therefore, by every means in his power to discourage such moral and spiritual crushes. But it is hard to conceive that great cities have not arisen as a consequence of action quite as inevitable, and therefore quite as certainly overruled by Providence, as any loss or gain which befalls the individual human life, and Mr. Ruskin would have taught, we think, what was more in consistency with his other lessons, if he had suggested the best way of alleviating the abuses of city life, instead of advising his pupils to ignore them. But his artistic genius is, we suppose, so much more revolted by the soiling and hiding of all the noblest detail, of all moral individuality, in these great dust-heaps of the world, than it is by still greater evils which admit of clear study and intelligent insight, that we are bound to make allowance for this little blot on the really fine taste and noble moral enthusiasm of Mr. Ruskin's "Letter to Young Girls."